843089
OCARS
187-

PRICE 15 CENTS.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

(Number 55.)

Catherine Howard.

AN HISTORICAL PLAY, IN THREE ACTS.

[From the celebrated Play of that name by Alexander Dumas,] adapted

BY W. D. SUTER, Esq.

Author of "The Prisoner of Pignerolles," etc.

AS FIRST PERFORMED AT THE SURREY THEATRE, LONDON, IN 1858.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

New-York:

ROBERT M. DE WITT, PUBLISHER,

No. 33 Rose Street.

NOW READY.

GERTRUDE'S MONEY BOX. A Farce. By Harry Lemon.—Price 15 Cents.

THE YOUNG COLLEGIAN. (The Cantab.) A Farce. By T. W. Robertson. Price 15 Cents.

Return this book on or before the
Latest Date stamped below.

University of Illinois Library

JUN 13 1955

SEP 22 1978

JUN 30 1978

JUN 23 1978

L161—H41

CATHERINE HOWARD;

OR,

THE THRONE, THE TOMB, AND THE SCAFFOLD.

An Historical Play,

IN THREE ACTS.

FROM THE CELEBRATED PLAY OF THAT NAME BY

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

ADAPTED

BY W. D. SUTER,

Author of "The Prisoner of Pignerolles," "The Quiet Family," "Brother Bill and Me," "Give me my Wife," etc., etc.

AS FIRST PERFORMED AT THE SURREY THEATRE, LONDON, UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CRESWICK, 1858.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

NEW YORK:
ROBERT M. DE WITT, PUBLISHER,
No. 33 ROSE STREET,

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Surrey Theatre, London, 1858.

Henry VIII., King of England (Tragedian).....Mr. B. Potter.
Athelwold, Duke of Northumberland (Tragedy Lead).....Mr. Creswick
Archbishop Cranmer (Old Man).....Mr. Vollaire.
Duke of Sussex (Walking Gentleman).....Mr. W. Vernon.
Duke of Norfolk " .....Mr. Wright.
Grand Chamberlain (Utility).....Mr. Jones.
Lieutenant of the Tower (Utility).....Mr. Stretton.
Fleming, an Alchemist (1st Utility).....Mr. Perfit.
Page to Athelwold (Walking Lady).....Miss Henzell.
Martin Krinkly, a Cordwainer (1st Low Comedian).....
Simon Kreetnur, a Weaver (2d Low Comedian).....
Captain of Guard (Utility).....Mr. David.
Executioner (Utility).....Mr. Butler.
Lords, Pages, etc.

Princess Margaret, Sister to the King (Walking Lady).....Miss E. Webster.
Catherine Howard, his Fifth Wife (Tragedy Lead).....Mrs. Hudson Kirby.
Dame Kennedy, her Nurse (Old Woman).....Mrs. Atkins.
Winifred Krinkly, Wife to Martin (Chambermaid).....
Ladies of Honor, etc., etc.

COSTUMES.—Reign of Henry VIII, **1542.**

ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES.

The events of this play extend over a period of some twenty months, commencing with King Henry VIII.'s divorcement from Anne of Cleves, June, 1540, and terminating with the beheadal of the heroine, 1542.

Portraits of the principal persons represented, were painted by Hans Holbein, and are engraved in Holbein's Portraits of Illustrious Personages of the Court of Henry VIII., by Chamberlain, with Memoirs by Lodge, seventy Portraits tinted in imitation of the originals, folio, 1828; Lodge's Portraits of Illustrious Englishmen; Harding's Shakspeare Illustrated, and in many other works; also in Knight's Pictorial Shakspeare, which contains wood engravings of many of the localities from contemporaneous or early authorities with some portraits, *which see.*

King Henry, the second son of Henry VII., was born at Greenwich, 28th June, 1491—married the widow of his brother Arthur, Katharine of Aragon, June 25, 1503—became king April 22, 1509. In 1527 it is supposed that he first saw Anne Boleyn, whom he privately married in January, 1533 (Burnet says the November previous). Elizabeth was born in September of the same year. He was divorced from Anne Boleyn May, 1536—married Jane Seymour the same month, the day after Anne's execution. Jane Seymour died in October, 1537; he then (January, 1540), married Annie of Cleves, who was his wife but one night—in six months the proceedings for a divorce terminated; and on the 8th of August he married his fifth wife, Lady Catherine Howard, whom he beheaded in February, 1542. In July, 1543, he married

S45D87
OcaEs
187-

Catherine Parr, and died 27th of January, 1547. There is a fine portrait by Holbein repeatedly engraved.

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.—Lawrence Campejus, born at Bologna, was auditor of the Rota and Bishop of Feltria, then created Cardinal, was sent legate to England in 1518, to prevail on the king to enter upon a war against the Turks, which Henry was dissuaded from by Wolsey; he was however well received, and made Bishop of Salisbury; he then returned to Rome. His last visit to England was upon account of the divorce of Katharine, in which proceeding, by yielding to the queen's appeal to Rome, and his unwillingness to proceed to the extremities desired by Henry, he greatly displeased the king, who deprived him of his see of Salisbury. He was an excellent scholar, and a benefactor to men of learning; and died in Rome, August, 1539. See a curious print taken from a medal, engraved in Harding.

CAPUCIUS.—Eustachio Chapuys, ambassador from Charles V., Emperor of Spain.

CRANMER.—Thomas Cranmer, the second son of Thomas Cranmer and Agnes Hatfield his wife, was born at Aslacton, Northamptonshire, July 2, 1489. In 1503 he was placed by his mother, then a widow, at Jesus College, Cambridge, of which he became a fellow in 1510-11. Before twenty-three years of age he married a woman of humble station but good character, who died in childbed about a year after. In 1523 he took the degree of D.D. The immediate cause of his advancement was the opinion he gave in favor of the king's divorce, for which he was made Royal Chaplain. In 1530, sent with others into France, Italy and Germany, to collect opinions in behalf of the dissolution of the marriage; at Rome he presented his book in favor of the king's divorce to the Pope, and offered to dispute openly against the validity of his marriage, but his challenge was not accepted. At this time the Pope constituted him "Supreme Penitentiary throughout England, Ireland and Wales," not so much from kindness as to quiet his active and inquiring spirit, and prevent his joining the ranks of the Reformers. In 1532, during his residence abroad, he married the niece of his friend, Osiander, Pastor of Nuremberg, but the marriage was for the time concealed. Upon the death of Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, Cranmer was nominated his successor, but he refused to accept the dignity, unless he received it direct from the king, without the intervention of the Pope. He pronounced the sentence of divorce against Katharine, for which he was excommunicated by the Roman Pontiff, and married the king to Annie Boleyn. After the conviction of that queen, he pronounced her marriage with the king null, but pleaded warmly with Henry for her life. He concurred in and pronounced the divorce of Anne of Cleves, and gave that information to the king which led to the trial and execution of Catherine Howard. About this time he successfully interceded with Henry on behalf of his daughter Mary, and prevented her being committed to the Tower, and suffering as a subject, because she hesitated to deny the Pope's spiritual supremacy. Upon the king's death he was named one of the regents of the kingdom and an executor of his will. In February, 1546, he crowned Edward VI., to whom he had been godfather. Upon the accession of Mary, whose life he had probably preserved, he at once became the object of persecution, and in November, 1553, was attainted of high treason—he having signed a proclamation after Edward's death declaring Lady Jane Grey the sovereign, in place of the Princess Mary—was found guilty, but upon his humble and repeated application he was pardoned the treason, but proceeded against for heresy. In 1554, at Oxford, he was with Latimer and Ridley, condemned to death for refusing to subscribe to the tenets of popery. Hitherto he had manifested courage, but human frailty made him at this time commit a grievous error; upon a representation that his life would be spared, he recanted protestantism and embraced the Romish faith; but Gardiner and Mary had resolved upon his death, and he was sentenced to be burnt alive. On March 21 he was brought to St. Mary's Church, where he was desired publicly to repeat his belief in popery; this Cranmer steadily refused, crying aloud, "As for the Pope, I refuse him as Christ's enemy and anti-Christ, with all his false doctrines." Upon which he was led to the stake, and fire being applied to the faggots he stretched out his right

hand (with which he had signed his recantation) and held it in the flames until it was consumed, repeatedly exclaiming, "This unworthy hand!" He suffered with the most exemplary patience and fortitude, being in the sixty-seventh year of his age. An original portrait in the Picture Gallery at Oxford, engraved in Harding, Lodge, &c.

Duke of Norfolk.—Thomas Howard, the third duke. Although an unscrupulous servant, his devotion was forgotten by the king in his fears that he might disturb the succession; he was therefore accused, and of course convicted, by his peers, of high treason, a bill of attainder also passing the House of Lords. He was ordered for execution on the 28th January, 1547, but the death of the regal ghoul at two in the morning of that day saved him. He died in 1554. His portrait at Windsor is engraved in Harding and Lodge.

Lord Chamberlain.—Sir William, created Lord Sands, 1523, succeeded Lord Worcester as Chamberlain, 1526.

THE SCENERY AND LOCALITIES.

ACT I.—The action of the first scene takes place at the King's Palace at Bridewell, a pile of considerable magnitude, and possessed of much architectural elegance. The Thames front, with its imposing castellated aspect—(see *Pictorial Shakspeare*, Henry VIII., Act III.)—reached the river banks, and extended northward as far as St. Bride's Church; it had also a magnificent exterior facing Fleet River, on the other side of which the Monastery of the Blackfriars was located. Both the palace and church derived their name from St. Bride or Bridget, to whom the church was dedicated, the palace taking the addition of well or Bride's Well from a spring near it, which still remains, and supplies a pump at the bottom of Bride Lane.

Scene 2d.—Street. See a cut in *Pictorial Shakspeare*, Henry VIII.

ACT II.—*Scene 1st.*—Chapel Vaults. The male effigies on tombs have the Northumberland lion at their feet, the female, a greyhound.

Scene 2d.—Street.

Scene 3d.—Reception Chamber. The lion will figure on pennons and banderets on the wall.

ACT III.—*Scene 1st.*—Throne-room. Hangings of crimson satin and damask, fringed deeply with gold, cipher of "H," canopy, chair of State, with royal arms, etc., etc. The print by Vertue, of "Henry VIII. granting the Barber-surgeons' charter," shows the royal seat in position.

Scene 2d.—To enable the removal to be made of the throne-room paraphernalia.

Scene 3d.—Queen's chamber.

Scene 4th.—Plain room, dark panelling.

Scene 5th.—Tower cell. See Geo. Cruikshank's etchings of State Executions in Ainsworth's "Tower of London," etc.

COSTUMES.

(From Knight's "Pictorial Shakspeare.")

BY J. R. PLANCHE.

The male costume of the reign of King Henry VIII. has been rendered familiar by innumerable portraits of "Bluff King Hal," principally copied from the paintings by Holbein, and the female costume scarcely less so by those of his six wives.

The best authority for the dress of the monarch and his nobles would be the full-length by Holbein, engraved in "Lodge's Portraits," or the print by Vertue, in which Henry is seen granting a charter to the Barber-surgeons. For Duke of Norfolk, Cavendish's "Life of Wolsey," a MS. copy formerly in possession of Francis Douce, has three very curious drawings, representing—1st, Cardinal Wolsey's progress on his way to France, with archers, spearmen, cross, pillar, and purse-bearers, &c.; 2dly, The cardinal surrendering the great seal to the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk; and, 3dly, Dr. Butts sent by the King and Anne Boleyn to the sick cardinal with tokens of favor. Engraved in the *Pictorial Shakspeare*.

In the same beautiful work by Lodge, before mentioned, another portrait will be found of the Duke of Norfolk, by Holbein; and Cranmer, by Flick, the original painting being in the British Museum. Also a most interesting one of Titian's Earl of Surrey, represented in a magnificent suit of armor, thereby giving us a splendid specimen of the military costume of the period. In addition to the information conveyed to the eye by this collection of authentic portraits, it will be sufficient to quote, from the sumptuary law passed in the 24th year of Henry's reign, such passages as will describe the materials of which the dresses were made, and which were, indeed, at this time of the most costly description. The royal family alone were permitted to use the fur of the black genet; and sables could only be worn by noblemen above the rank of a viscount. Crimson or blue velvet, embroidered apparel, or garments bordered "with gold sunken work," were forbidden to any person beneath the quality of a baron or knight's son or heir; and velvet dresses of any color, furs of martens, chains, bracelets, and collars of gold, were prohibited to all persons possessing less than two hundred marks per annum. The sons and heirs of such persons were, however, permitted the use of black velvet or damask, and tawny-colored russet or camlet. Satin and damask gowns were confined to the use of persons possessing at least one hundred marks per annum; and the wearing of plaited shirts, garnished with gold, silver or silk, was permitted to none below the rank of knighthood. The hair was cut remarkably close, a peremptory order having been issued by Henry to all his attendants and courtiers to "poll their heads." Beards and moustaches were worn at pleasure.

The jewelled cap and feather with which Holbein has represented Anne Boleyn in the portraits engraved in Cavendish's "Life of Wolsey," are exceedingly picturesque. The other head-dress, probably the often-talked-of "French hood," is better known, nearly all Henry's wives being represented in it. The gown was cut square at the bosom, as in the preceding reign; but instead of the neck being bare, it was covered almost to the throat by the *partlet*, a sort of habit-shirt, much like the modern one, embroidered with gold and silk. The sleeves of the gowns were frequently of a different material from that which composed the rest of the dress, and generally of a richer stuff. The gown was open in front to the waist, showing the kirtle or petticoat, and with or without a train, according to the prevailing fashion of France or Holland. Anne of Cleves is described as wearing a gown made round without any train, after the Dutch fashion; while the train of Catherine Parr is stated to have been more than two yards long. A minute account is given by Hall of the coronation of Queen Anne Boleyn, and also by Cavendish, who has described the procession and the ceremony. On one occasion she wore a surcoat of white cloth of tissue, and a mantle of the same, furred with ermine, her hair hanging down from under a coif, with a circlet about it full of rich stones; on a second, a surcoat and robe of purple velvet, furred with ermine, the coif and circlet as before. The barons of the Cinque Ports, who carried the canopy over her, were "all in crimson, with points of blue and red hanging on their sleeves." The ladies, "being lords' wives," that followed her, "had surcoats of scarlet with narrow sleeves, the breast all lettice (fur), with bars of borders (*i. e.*, rows of ermine) according to their degrees, and over that they had mantles of scarlet furred, and every mantle had lettice about the neck, like a neckercher, likewise powdered (with ermine), so that by the powderings their degree was known. Then followed ladies, being knights's wives, in gowns of scarlet

with narrow sleeves, without trains, only edged with lettice." The queen's gentlewomen were similarly attired with the last. The lord chancellor wore a robe of scarlet, open before, and bordered with lettice. The dukes were in crimson velvet, furred with ermine, and powdered according to their degrees. The Duke of Suffolk's doublet and jacket were set with orient pearl; his gown of crimson velvet, richly embroidered; and he carried a white rod in his hand, being that day high steward of England. The knights of the Bath wore "violet gowns, with hoods purfled with miniver, like doctors."

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

BY T. H. LACY, ESQ.

Soon after the accession of Henry VIII. the long petticoat dresses of the previous reign were cast aside, and close hose fitted exactly to the limbs, were almost universally adopted, and trunk breeches were usually connected with the close hose. "The lower parts were never so scanted, but the upper made ample amends for the fault, for the doublets were so bombasted with linings, and the sleeves so stuffed out, that they were cumbersome both to the body and arms."—*Cranmer's Bible, with wood-cuts*, 1540. The ladies followed the example of the gentlemen, and invented a kind of doublet with high wings and puffed sleeves—this garment was in full fashion to the beginning of Elizabeth's reign. Henry VIII. wore a round flat cap of scarlet or of velvet, with a brooch or jewel, and a feather; "divers gentlemen, courtiers, and others did the like. The youthful citizens also took to the new fashion of flat caps, knit of woollen yarn, black, but so tight that they were forced to tie them under their chins, for else the wind would be master over them. The king wore cloth hose, cut out of ell broad taffeta, when there came not, by great chance, a pair of silk stockings from Spain."—*Stowe*. Upon the day preceding his coronation, Henry "ware on his uppermost apparell a robe of crimsyn velvet, pined with ermine; his jacket, a cote of raised gold, the placard embrowdered with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, great pearles, and other rich stones; a great bauderick about his neck of large balasses; his knights and esquires in crimson velvet, and all the gentlemen, and all the servants and household servants were apparelled in skarlet." "The queen sittlng in her litter, borne by two white palfreys, trapped in white cloth of gold, her person appareled in white satyn embrowdered, her hair hanging down to her backe of a very great length, bewtiful and goodly to behold, and on her hedde a coronall set with many rich Orient stones." The gloves partook of the general richness in construction: we read of "a payer of gloves, lined with white velvet, trimmed with eight buttons and eight small aiglets of gold enamelled;" also knit gloves of silk, and handkerchiefs edged with gold and silver, others with needlework.

PROPERTIES.

ACT I.—*Scene 1st.*—Chairs. Scene 2d, tables with fruit and flowers—toilet table—glass—chairs—couch—jewels in casket—vial for Athelwold—hand-bell. Act II—Scene 1st.—Lamp with blue flame—ring for King. Scene 3d, sofa, writing materials—vial and key or Athelwold. Act III.—Scene 1st—Key and ring as before. Scene 5th—Lamp, table, chair, large book open, writing materials, crucifix, bell to toll, ring as before—red mark, steel axe with red handle—spear and halberds for guards.

[For Programme of Scenery and Incidents and Stage Directions, see last page.]

CATHERINE HOWARD.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Reception Chamber in Palace, in 2d grooves. Folding doors,* R. C., *doors* L. 1 E, *and* R. 1 E., *a small door,* C. *in flat.*

Enter DUKE OF NORFOLK, *and* DUKE OF SUSSEX, L., *preceded by the* GRAND CHAMBERLAIN.

SUSSEX. His majesty is not yet visible?
CHAM. Not yet, my lord.
NORFOLK. Is there any change in the ordinary ceremonial?
CHAM. *None*, my lord.

Enter ARCHBISHOP CRANMER, L.

CRANMER. Good-morrow to your lordships. (*they bow*) Tell, me, my lords, is the difference yet settled with James of Scotland?
NOR. It has hardly commenced; for on the instant war will be declared by our noble king, Henry.
CHAM. My lords, his majesty's sister, the Princess Margaret.

Enter PRINCESS MARGARET, R. 1 E., *attended*—ALL *bow.*

NOR. We were speaking, madam, of the threatened war against Scotland.
PRINCESS. My lord, since Heaven has kindly given a son unto my brother, and so ta'en from me all chance of succeeding to England's throne, I no longer seek instruction in war and politics; therefore, I pray that you will spare me the bellicose discussion. (*folding doors,* R. C., *are thrown open by* PAGES.)
CHAM. His majesty approaches.

Enter KING HENRY, R. C., *attended.*

HENRY. My lords, good-morrow; sister, how fares it with thee? (*looking around*) How, our cousin of Northumberland not yet arrived?

Enter ATHELWOLD, L. 1 E.

ATHEL. Health to your majesty!
HEN. You are welcome, my lord; we have something for your private ear.

Music—the PAGES *bring forward a chair to* C.—HENRY *waves his hand*—MARGARET, *&c., go off,* R.—NORFOLK, SUFFOEK, *&c.,* L.—*the* KING'S ATTENDANTS C.—*doors are closed*—HENRY *approaches* ARCHBISHOP CRANMER *and bows before him*—CRANMER *raises his hands above* HENRY, *and goes off,* L. 1 E.

Athelwold, my friend—look on me. I am a king, great and powerful—perchance there is not one amongst my subjects by whom I am not envied; and yet I swear to you there are times when I envy the poorest and meanest of my subjects.

ATHEL. You, sire!

HEN. Yes; for the lowest of my subjects may have a wife and children who love him—the lowest of my subjects is therefore happier than his king.

ATHEL. But your queens have loved you, sire—and the children they have left you——

HEN Of my four marriages, what now remains to me? The remembrance of a few days of happiness, and twenty years of remorse, grief, and shame—two daughters whom the law has declared incapable to reign, and a son that Heaven has declared incapable to live.

ATHEL. Sire! a new marriage may yet bring you that happiness which hitherto you have vainly sought.

HEN. I know it, and will once more tempt my fate; but this time my queen shall be chosen from amidst the people—she must be young that I may love her, beautiful that she may gratify my pride, and wise that I may fearlessly confide in her discretion.

ATHEL. Where will your majesty seek this paragon—this treasure?

HEN. She is already found, cousin, and resides on the banks of the Thames within a few miles of my palace—an aged nurse has reared her—since almost from her infancy she has been an orphan.

ATHEL. Her name is, doubtless, as yet a secret.

HEN. No, coz, that you may render me the service I am about to ask of you, it is even necessary that you should know it—her name is Catherine Howard. (*rises.*)

ATHEL. (*clinging to chair for support*) Catherine Howard!

HEN. Yes, my lord. (*smiling*) 'Tis an obscure name, is it not?—so obscure that only the eye of Fleming, my Alchemist could have discovered it.

ATHEL Fleming! so it was, he that——

HEN. Yes, in a manner most simple, and (*smiling*) without having recourse to sorcery or enchantment. He was seeking in the neighborhood of London the herbs necessary for his chemical operations, when, surprised by a shower of rain, he sought shelter in the isolated mansion inhabited by that girl; so marvellous a treasure astounded him—he knew my intentions, and, on his return, told me of her.

ATHEL. And on his mere word your majesty has decided?

HEN. Oh, no. Yesterday, guided by our old Alchemist, and perfectly disguised, a boat conveyed us to the spot where dwells the lady who has so occupied our thoughts.

ATHEL. And there——

HEN. We beheld her—wandering on the banks of the river—and in a profound reverie, as if she already felt a presentiment of the high destiny that awaits her.

ATHEL. (*quickly*). And—and Fleming had exaggerated!

HEN. No—she far excelled all that he had said of her, my lord—the beauty of Anne Boleyn, the grace of Jane Seymour——

ATHEL. And you spoke to her?

HEN. No, my lord, she modestly retired, as she perceived our boat approaching her. I intended to have seen her again this day, or, at furthest, to-morrow, but this sudden war with Scotland has deprived me of all leisure; I have, therefore, formed a fresh resolution. You, my lord, will to-morrow seek her, with a befitting escort chosen from the people of thy palace, and you will bring the young lady hither, and confide her to the care of the Princess Margaret, to whom, on my recommendation, she will become a Maid of Honor. And now I may no longer linger with you, for I am stayed for at the council board. Adieu, and remember that I rely on your devotion to your king. [*Exit*, L. 1 E.

ATHELWOLD *sinks into chair, for a moment overpowered; then suddenly starting up hurries to door*, L. C., *at which he knocks violently, and calls.*

ATHEL. Fleming, Fleming.

FLEMING (*without*, L C.). Who calls?

ATHEL. Forth from your burrow, old fox—to the broad daylight, disciple of hell—a Christian would speak with you——

Enter FLEMING, D. L. C.

FLEM. How can I serve your lordship?

ATHEL. The king has this instant left me.

FLEM. Heaven preserve his majesty.

ATHEL. Amen. (*raising his hat*) So, old calculator, you have chosen a fifth wife for Henry?

FLEM. Yes, and one, as my science tells me, will make him happy.

ATHEL. Your science, then, has lied, most learned Fleming, for this marriage can never be.

FLEM. Wherefore?

ATHEL. For this reason—she whom you would cause the king to espouse—Catherine Howard, is it not?

FLEM. Yes, well?

ATHEL. Well, she is my wife.

FLEM. Mercy—I am lost.

ATHEL. Yes, Fleming, thou art lost; for thou know'st the law which after Anne Boleyn's death was passed by Henry's orders.

FLEM. Yes, yes.

ATHEL. This law condemns to the same scaffold the Queen who, not being a maiden, wedded the king, without avowing first the truth, and all others, male and female, who shall have counselled or aided in the marriage. Soho! you promised him a wife, young, beautiful, and virtuous; Catherine is all these—but think you that such virtue would content the judge of Catherine of Aragon, the executioner of Anne Boleyn?

FLEM. Confess all to him, my lord, and he will pardon you, for me——

ATHEL. Pardon! oh yes—and would make of my wife a Maid of Honor to Princess Margaret—would send me to do battle in the Highlands! no, Fleming, no, no!

FLEM. Oh, my lord, have pity on me.

ATHEL. Pity for thee! whose pandering search has crushed my every hope in life—who over my bright and golden days has cast a pall-like shadow! who I prithee is to pity me?

FLEM. Oh, is there no way by which your happiness and my life may be preserved?

ATHEL. Yes, one way.

FLEM. Ah!
ATHEL. Dangerous.
FLEM. No matter.
ATHEL. Desperate!
FLEM. Speak!
ATHEL. It is I, who am commissioned by the king to seek Catherine, and conduct her to the court.
FLEM. When?
ATHEL. To-morrow
FLEM. Oh, Heaven
ATHEL. The king must not again behold her.
FLEM. No, or we are lost, for he already loves her.
ATHEL. Then is it necessary that this night she die.
FLEM. My lord, I have the most subtle poisons.
ATHEL. (*seizing him*). Miscreant.
FLEM. Mercy!
ATHEL. She must die *to the king*, and *all the world*, but she must *live* for me, *for me alone*.
FLEM. What would my lord that I should do?
ATAEL. Is there not a distillation which can suddenly arrest the blood within the veins, stay the beatings of the heart, and for a while suspend the course of life? may not this sleep resemble death so closely as to deceive the most mistrustful eye?
FLEM. Yes, my lord, and I possess the secret of that liquid.
ATHEL. And can answer for its effect?
FLEM. With my life.
ATHEL. Well, for that liquid, I will give you more gold than during an entire year your furnace could produce.
FLEM. Descend with me, my lord, to my laboratory.
ATHEL. And in an hour?
FLEM. You will leave it with the philtre that you need.
ATHEL. (*staying him*). A moment, Fleming—you have well understood me—this is for you an affair of life or death!
FLEM. My life is in your lordship's hands!
ATHEL. Lead on. [*Exeunt* L. C.—*clear stage.*

SCENE II.—CATHERINE'S CHAMBER—*door in* F. R. C., *looking on to open country—doors* R. *and* L.—*small table, covered with fruit and flowers,* L. —*toilet table, glass, &c.,* R., *chairs, couch, &c.*

CATHRINE *enters,* D. R. F., *leaning on the arm of* DAME KENNEDY.

KENNEDY. We have had but a short walk, my child.
CATH. Yes, good nurse, for it grows late.
KEN. The sun has scarcely set, and at this hour, seen from yonder height, the horizon is so beautiful.
CATH. (*smiling*). Yes, magnificant; but it is the same sun and the same horizon that I saw yesterday. (*sits,* L.)
KEN. There, now, you are sad again.
CATH. Nay, nurse, not sad but wearied.
KEN. And can you pine amidst the lovely country that surrounds you?
CATH. Yes; if I saw it for the first time, I should no doubt think it very beautiful; but for eighteen years I have gazed upon the same prospect.
KEN. And how long, then, have *I* looked upon it and have not wearied yet? I thank Heaven that has enabled me to limit my desires to things

within my reach, and has never inspired me with thought of happiness in aught beyond.

CATH. And yet, nurse, all that is beyond our power of attainment must be, indeed, delightful. London, they say, 'tis magnificent. Oh, shall I ever inhabit London?

KEN. Some day, child—you will marry, for you are too beautiful and too good, not to find a rich and noble husband.

CATH. (*quickly*). Oh, yes; and dwell in London—in a palace—own a forest wherein, with falcon on my wrist, I can pursue the game, followed by pages, and by valets. You shall accompany me through my estates—shall behold me receive the homage of my vassals. Oh! then I shall no longer pine, for I shall be rich, and beautiful—ay, and powerful, too—shall need but to command, for none will dare to disobey.

KEN. Silly girl!

CATH. Oh, Dame, were I told that I should always continue thus—in this lone and paltry cottage—within these stifling walls—in rooms so poorly furnished—I would, believe me, rather lie within a coffin, provided it were covered by a noble tomb of marble.

KEN. There are days, my child, when the dreams of your imagination terrify me. Trust me, 'twere best you should abandon all such thoughts,

CATH. Oh, no, they are my only wealth—my dreams, my only happiness, you must not take from me When alone, I hear strange voices murmur in my ear—see strange visions float before my eyes—in the fire are salamanders that in their sport do raise a thousand sparkles—in the water which flows beneath our windows there bathes a Naiad who, each time that I bend to her, salutes me as a sister. The perfumed breeze which evening brings us passes laden with sylphs, who stay and nestle 'midst my tresses; and fairies, naiads, sylphs, all—all whisper words in my ears;—Oh, words that almost drive me mad.

KEN. What an age of happiness when one has but to close the eyes to behold such wonders, and when dreams are a consolation for the reality; but, beware, my child, of all the demons that, in their waking, or their sleeping hours, do hover around young girls! the most dangerous, and the most difficult to be banished is the demon of ambition.

[*Exit*, R.

CATH. Nay, good nurse—he is not a demon—but an angel, and the most attractive—the most splendid is the king of the hosts, for he has golden wings, and his head is surmounted by a crown. So, good nurse, go, and let me open the door by which all my dreams do enter and depart. (CATHERINE *closes door after* KENNEDY, *then goes to and opens door in flat*, R. C.) Will Athelwold come this evening? This morning he said "perhaps"—perhaps is always yes. How much he loves me—and yet he cannot, or wherefore conceal from me his name and rank? Each morning do I hope that during the day I shall know the whole—evening arrives, and I have learned nothing. He is "very happy when he can steal a few hours." From whom? I do not know—from another, perhaps, that he may give them to me—to me, buried here, far from the world, a prisoner, a slave. (*sits*, L.) The evening hours are laden with pleasures to dwellers in cities, but I sit here alone and sad, awaiting my husband, who perchance will not come—my husband who has title and rank—of that I'm certain—and who gives *me* neither rank nor title. (*rises*) If, however, I were with him now, in London—instead of doffing this simple robe—whose plainness humbles me—to seek before the hour a sleep that will not come, I should be seated at my toilet. (*sits before glass at table*, R.) I should choose from the caskets that he has given me, so useless to me here, the richest of my jewels. (*opening caskets and decking herself with jewels*) I would put this necklace of pearls around my

J. [illegible] LIB.

neck—these diamonds in my ears—these bracelets on my arms. Amid the simple flowers in my hair these tiny diamond stars—this girdle of precious stones should encircle my waist—a page should precede us—halls resplendant with light would be opened to us, and when I appeared—oh, if my mirror deceive me not, no voice around but would exclaim, never was queen more brilliantly attired—never was queen more beautiful.

ATHELWOLD *has entered*, R. C., *and has heard the last two or three lines of the speech—he advances to the back of her chair—she sees his shadow in the glass, and starts up.*

Ah! oh, Athelwold, I did not see you.

ATHEL. I know it! you were by far too interestingly occupied to observe my arrival.

CATH. Am I pretty thus?

ATHEL. But too beautiful, lady! (*aside*) for my happiness.

CATH. Then, thank Heaven that hath made me so for you. Now come to me, and embrace me, my lord. (*he receives her in his arms, but does not embrace her*) Besides, it was instinct which caused me thus to deck my figure—I have made myself beautiful from a presentiment; my heart told me that you would come to me—so, smooth that thoughtful brow; sit, and I will place myself at your feet, my gentle chevalier—my gallant baron—my noble earl. (*seating herself at his feet*) By which of these titles must I call you?

ATHEL. By none of them—for none can I claim!

CATH. But how did you come? for I did not hear the gallop of your steed.

ATHEL. I came by the Thames, in a fisherman's boat, for to-day, more than ever, did I dread being recognized.

CATH. Ever mysterious! you therefore have very powerful motives?

ATHEL. Judge of their import, my love, since I conceal them from you, who are my life——

CATH. Oh, if you love me——

ATHEL. Never before was woman loved by man as I love thee, my Catherine.

CATH. Forgive me!

ATHEL. (*taking her head between his hands*). Look on me, dearest—my heart till its last throb, my life till its latest breath, my blood to the last drop, are thine, all thine, and thine alone, Kate; and should I lose thee, should another—oh, heaven!

CATH. You suffer!

ATHEL. Yes, I am fatigued, my forehead burns—give me drink—drink!

CATH. (*rising*). Oh, yes, yes, my lord. (*while she goes to and opens a cabinet*, R., *he draws a vial from his vest, and pours a portion of its contents into a goblet which is on* L. *table.*)

ATHEL. (*aside*). Heaven pardon me, that thus I tempt thy power!

CATH. In default of page, will you suffer me to be your cupbearer? (*he holds the cup, she pours.*)

ATHEL. Thanks!

CATH. Your hand trembles!

ATHEL. (*still seated, and taking her in his arms*). Kate, Kate! oh, never—never!

CATH. You are very sad to-night. How shall I cheer your drooping spirits? shall I say to you the ballad made of that ancient King of England, Edgar, who married with a vassal, the beautiful Elfrida.

ATHEL. (*aside*). Oh, her every word is fresh torture to my heart.

CATH. Wilt listen?

ATHEL. No; I know the story—she was betrothed to one Richard, of humble birth, when King Edgar saw and loved her, and——

CATH. Yes; and as knight, and baron, even as earl, did she reject him; but when he told her that he was king, and said that she should share his throne—ah, then was the serf dazzled, and she became his queen.

ATHEL. And is it thus that ends the tale of Elfrida the Beautiful?

CATH. Is it not complete? she becomes queen, I said.

ATHEL. But what of Richard?

CATH. Richard?

ATHEL. Her lover!

CATH. The ballad makes no further mention of him.

ATHEL. So, neither in the verses of the troubadour, nor in the soul of his mistress—a thought of him so shamefully cast off. I shall be less ungrateful than were they, for I will drink to his memory. (*he holds the goblet without carrying it to his lips.*)

CATH. (*looking at him*). Well!

ATHEL. Do you forget? have I ever yet drank from a cup that your lips have not previously kissed—that I might taste upon its edge the place which they had pressed. Come, my fair Elfrida—no, pardon me, I mean, my Catherine—to the memory of Richard. (CATHERINE *drinks—he looks on her greatly agitated, then snatches the goblet from her lips and casts it at his feet, exclaiming*) Oh Kate! Kate! forgive—oh, forgive me.

CATH. (*surprised*). Forgive you?

ATHEL. There was no other way—it was, alas, the only means.

CATH. What mean you?

ATHEL. Without it, we had been lost—for ever separated. You are pale, Catherine.

CATH. Yes, yes! what can this mean? I am faint—the room swims around me—ah! I am turning blind!

ATHEL. Oh, Heaven!

CATH. My breast is all on fire—my forehead burns! oh, surely this is death!

ATHEL. Oh, misery, misery! to see her suffer thus. Oh, better that I had——

CATH. Leave me—leave me! water—water—I choke! mercy! pity me, Athel—Oh, I feel that I am dying. Is there no aid? Ho! without! help there—help!

ATHEL. (*taking her in his arms*). No, no! not a cry—not a sound——

CATH. (*patting her hands to her head*). What are these? flowers! jewels! (*snatching them away*) Despair! oh, life, Heaven—life!

ATHEL. You will not die!

CATH. So young, so young, to perish! oh, Heaven, have pity on me. Kennedy, Kennedy! I can see nothing! I am dying. (*she struggles in* ATHELWOLD'S *arms, repulses him, and falls.*)

ATHEL (*kneeling besides her and raising her in his arms*). Oh, Kate, Kate! now, I am sure that we shall live or die together.

Embraces her, rises, opens R. D., *rings bell violently, returns to* CATHERINE, *embraces her, and rushes off,* R. C., *as* DAME KENNEDY *enters* R. D.—*she hurries and kneels beside* CATHERINE—*places one hand on* CATHERINE'S *heart, and, weeping, hides her face in the other. Music.*

SLOW CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Vault of Sepulture in 4th grooves.—Steps at back up to door,* R. C. *of* F. *Several tombs with statues lying on them*—L., *well forward, an open tomb, raised, with steps, on which* CATHERINE HOWARD *is lying. Lamp on a tomb.*

ATHELWOLD *discovered standing besides* CATHERINE.

ATHEL. Aye, Fleming, thou hast, indeed, kept faith with me. Her sleep is twin-sister to death itself, and, but that it is my own work, I must myself have been deceived by the resemblance. Oh, I can understand how an assassin may not feel remorse when gazing on his victim; for if this inanimate body be not happy, at least 'tis very tranquil. Oh, Catherine, Catherine! would it not be better that I should cast myself beside thee in this tomb and suffer them firmly to enclose us? that locked together in each other's arms we might sleep calmly on until the day of everylasting re-awakening? For who but Heaven can say, whether in this world joy or calamity is in store for us? Who but Heaven knows whether hereafter, thou wilt bless or curse me for suffering thee again to live; for there is nothing certain in the future, save the grave; and wherefore should we wait death's slow approach, since so easily we can reach it. Oh, Kate! (*bends over her and kisses her on the forehead*) Heavens! surely her frame did quiver then! My voice even through this lethargy has penetrated to her soul. Oh! Catherine, Catherine, revive, revive! Hence all thought of death—live, live! With thee happiness or woe—joy or despair! Oh, Heaven! yes, live, Kate, darling, live! (*turning towards door at back,* R. C., *which at this moment opens*) Ha! who comes here? Oh, imprudence! Why did I not secure that door! (*advances towards it, then retreats terrified*) The King—the King here! (*returns to tomb and bends over* CATHERINE) Powers of darkness, weigh her eyelids down with a leaden slumber; rather let her never awaken than awaken now.

Enter HENRY, *door at back,* R. C.

HENRY (*closing door, perplexed by the darkness*). Athelwold, where art thou?

ATHEL. (*going towards him*). Here, sire, here.

HEN. (*descending steps, and laying his hand on* ATHELWOLD'S *arm*). You are, indeed, a faithful friend. Where is she?

ATHEL. (*pointing to tomb*). There.

HEN. Thanks, your grace, for having placed her in your family vault; a week later and she should have slept in ours of Westminster.

ATHEL. Sire, the woman on whom, during her life, your majesty had designed to cast your eyes, could not but be for me, even after her death, an object of respect and veneration. But, how comes it that your majesty has descended here alone?

HEN. I desired once more to behold her ere the tomb was for ever closed upon her. When those of my palace who yesterday accompanied you returned, and told me that you had found her dead, and that you had remained to render her the last rites—oh, scarcely could I credit the afflicting tidings; my eyes filled with tears—my heart did scarcely throb. Oh, I loved her, I loved her, and must behold her once again.

ATHELWORLD *draws his dagger, and with the other hand raises the veil which covers* CATHERINE, *and taking the lamp, approaches and holds it over her, on her* L.

ATHEL. Then, look upon her, sire!

HEN. (*regarding her fixedly*, R. C.). Dead! dead! dead! (*raising his eyes to heaven*) Have I offended heaven? a star was about to shed its lustre o'er England, and o'er England's king; a breeze passes, laden with death, and it is extinguished. Oh, paltry human authority, so mighty to destroy life—so utterly powerless to restore it. (*taking her* R. *hand*) Oh, that I could but give warmth to this hand which I now press within mine own.

ATHEL. (*aside, touching her* L. *hand*). I permit you, king, to hold that hand, for it is still cold.

HEN. Catherine, my beautiful—my affianced! (*placing ring on her finger*) Carry with thee in to the grave, this ring, which thou shouldst have worn, upon the throne. Oh, how royal should be the ransom I would pay, could I restore thee again to life, my Catherine.

ATHEL. (*aside*). Malediction! her heart renews its throbbings!

HEN. Oh, Heaven! it is then true that sovereign and subject alike are equal to thee—and that a king within his palace is no more prized by thee than a poor clown within his sorry hut. Catherine, Catherine!

ATHEL. (*aside, listening*). She breathes! Sire, you must no longer remain; such unholy exclamations are a profanation. Come, sire—come!

HEN. No, no—I cannot—cannot yet quit her tomb.

ATHEL. (*aside*). Damnation! she awakes! (*aloud*) Sire—sire! suffer the dead quietly to sleep on—or tremble, lest they rise and curse you for having dared to trouble their last rest! (*dragging him away*) Come—come!

He drags HENRY *off, who exclaims, as he leaves the vault*—"Catherine, oh, Catherine, thou bride of death! farewell—farewell for ever!"—*closing door,* R. C., *after him—a short pause. Music.*

CATH. (*raising her arm, it falls again to her side*). Oh, Heaven! how profound is my sleep! Meseems that I am fastened to this bed—I have no power to raise myself. (*rises on her hands*) My eyes will not unclose! (*pressing her hand over her forehead*) There is a weight upon my brow. (*touching her white crown*) Ah, I have slept with my crown on. Dame! Dame Kennedy! Still night? I thought it had been daylight. I am very cold—and frightened too! (*descends from the tomb, and almost falls upon the steps*) Oh, how my limbs ache! steps! a lamp! (*touches monument*) Marble! (*rising terrified*) A tomb! (*walking, and dragging wrappings with her*) A shroud! Oh, great Heaven! where am I? In a funeral vault, surrounded by the dead. (*shuddering*) Horror—horror! What has happened to me? Let me reflect;—all is calm—all tranquil here—why then should I fear? Let me think—let me think! Athelwold, as usual, came yesterday—or the day before—for I no longer know the days;—then I experienced frightful torture—believed that I should die—then my senses left me—and—then—then—ah! (*suddenly and desparingly*) I have been thought dead—and was entombed here—living—living—and no escape! This door! (*goes to door,* R. C., *up the steps, puts her hand upon the lock—the key is not there—she tries door*) Fast—merciful powers! (*rapidly descends steps, and coming hastily forward, falls on her knees,* C.) Mercy, Heaven, mercy! (*her figure droops, and she is nearly fainting.*)

ATHELWOLD *appears at door*, R. C., *closes it, and coming forward, proceeds direct to the tomb—seeing it empty, he calls.*

ATHEL. Kate!

CATH. (*rising on one arm*). Did I not hear my name?

ATHEL. Catherine!

CATH. (*rising at a bound*). Here—here!

ATHEL. Ah! (*darting towards her.*)

CATH. Athelwold! I am saved! Athelwold, can we not leave this place?

ATHEL. Yes, yes—but not till I have held you to my heart, that I may feel assured you live—and live for me alone.

CATH. Yes, yes—for you alone! but let us go—let us go; I need air! —air!

ATHEL. Yet a moment—I implore you, Catherine; in the name of our love—which, but now and narrowly, has escaped a terrible danger.

CATH. (*clinging closer to him*). Yes, yes, 'tis well, but tell me—do not quit me—how comes it that I was here amidst these tombs, alone, shut in—and one of them my bed? How is it that I behold you?—that like my guardian angel you have hastened to restore me to life, and to the light of day? Speak—tell me, I entreat you!

ATHEL. Yes—for the moment has arrived that you may know the secret which has so perplexed you.

CATH. What, shall I know who thou really art

ATHEL. Yes, I am Athelwold, Duke of Northumberland. The king alone claims rank above the peers of England.

CATH. Ah! and I—shall share honors, fortune, position, with you?

ATHEL. In giving you my heart, did I not bestow all these upon you —am I not ready now to yield to you my life?

CATH. Then you will conduct me to the court?

ATHEL. One word.

CATH. Yes—say on.

ATHEL. You have heard of King Henry's amours, always dissolute—sometimes fatal?

CATH. Yes.

ATHEL. Well, I thought of him, and dared not introduce you at his court—for royalty has but to breathe upon the honor of a woman, and it is tarnished. Hence, I concealed my rank from you, for I trembled lest some indiscretion on your part should destroy the happiness that depended so entirely on my Catherine. A year flew thus—twelve months of felicity, during which I every evening came to you, whilst every day I was compelled by my position to be near the king; and the better to hide my secret, there I feigned that my ambitious desires were for the Princess Margaret.

CATH. The king's sister?

ATHEL. Yes; but it was you who held my heart—who inspired my every thought——

CATH. Yes, yes—I know all that; but—but you have not yet told me, why——

ATHEL. Well, all that I feared has come to pass. Four days ago, the king beheld you——

CATH. The king has *seen* me—seen *me?*

ATHEL. Yes.

CATH. And——

ATHEL. And he loves you.

CATH. Loves me?

ATHEL. Or thinks he loves—he desires you. Now you understand, from that moment, unless some preventive were found, we both were lost. A skillful alchemist furnished me, for gold, with a narcotic liquid, whose effect is rapid and profound—you drank, and when the messengers of the king came to conduct you to court, they found your nurse weeping over my beautiful Catherine. who was but sleeping—while all believed that she was dead.

CATH. All!—the king also?

ATHEL. Oh, it was most essential that he, above all, should so believe.

CATH. And even now, he does not doubt?

ATHEL. No—for that which might have destroyed, has saved us.

CATH. What mean you?

ATHEL. While I stood here, beside your tomb, awaiting your first breath,—your first sigh,—your first look—the king, suspicious, no doubt—appeared at yonder door.

CATH. The king!

ATHEL. Descended those steps, and approached this tomb where I, steel in hand, awaited him—for, by the rood, had he shown suspicion, I would have slain him.

CATH. My lord—you would have killed your king?

ATHEL. Rather than have lost you, by Heaven—yes! But everything aided us—vainly did he place that ring upon your finger——

CATH. (*aside, looking at it*). A ring of betrothal!

ATHEL. Your hand remained frozen within his own. Vainly did he call upon your name, you waked not—you did not answer the fatal appeal—his adul erous lips were vainly pressed upon your brow, for that brow continued pale, and still is pure—so that now he cannot doubt—can ne'er suspect, that you are still the prey of death, and of the tomb.

CATH. Oh, but think—had that beverage proved mortal—if instead of a mere narcotic. that man had given thee a poison?

ATHEL. I had foreseen all that ——

CATH. And——

ATHEL. And gave thee but half the vial's contents.

CATH. Natheless, 'tis most frightful. Living—living! and yet thought dead by all the world.

ATHEL. Ah, dear Kate, forget the world that you have quitted, as already it hath forgotten thee. At the earliest possible moment I will quit England—conduct thee to France—there we shall find a court far more magnificent—more mirthful than Henry's. My fortune, too, and my title will be thine—homage and pleasure will surround thee; and then thou wilt confess that I have acted well—that thou art happy, happy, happy!

CATH. Yes—but until then we shall dwell far from London?

ATHEL. Oh, no—close by.

CATH. And should I be seen——

ATAEL Oh, you will conceal yourself from every eye.

CATH. (*aside*). And so have but exchanged my tomb.

ATHEL. Catherine, now that you know all—and the king and his train have departed, let us quit this vault.

CATH. Already!

ATHEL. Come.

CATH. First, be sure that no one will perceive us—that all is quiet—and the night fallen dark.

ATHEL. But you——

CATH. Will remain an instant here—I am frightened now.

ATHEL. 'Tis well. I go. [*Exit, at door*, R. C.

CATH. 'Tis very strange! but all seems changed to me since Athel-

wald's revelation. Henry the Eighth loves me! The Tudor has descended into this vault once more to behold the humble Howard. How was't I did not suddenly awaken at the echo of his steps—the sound of his voice? His feet were, may be, placed upon this spot where now I stand—here towards me he has bowed the head that bears a crown—here he has placed his royal hands; here is the ring—the betrothal ring which he has slipped upon my finger! Oh, there cannot be a doubt he loves me truly, ardently—and does he believe me dead? (*leans her head against the tomb.*)

Enter ATHELWOLD, *door*, R. C.

ATHEL. (*at door*). Kate!

CATH. (*rising*). Ah!

ATHEL. Come, Kate! all is quiet—let us leave this funeral vault.

CATH. (*going to him, aside*). I fear, Athelwold, thy most sumptuous mansion will never so greatly charm me as this gloomy vault, brightened by the presence of the king. (*with her foot on the bottom step, she turns and looks towards tomb—*ATHELWOLD *at door.*)

Scene closes in.

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter MARTIN KRINKLY *and* SIMON KREETNUR, L.

KRINK. I consider myself a man; ay, and by the king's beard, as good a man as he.

SIMON. Don't talk treason, Martin.

KRINK. What! is it treason to be a man? then have our liberties come to a pretty pass. As well say 'tis treason to be married.

SIMON. No, certainly, that is not treason, yet 'tis not reason!

KRINK. You are right—there is no reason in it, 'tis very stupid, Simon. If to be man—a superior specimen of human nature, a householder to pay taxes—if all this be treason, then denounce me to Royal Harry, for I am a traitor.

SIMON. Well, no, but you talk——

KRINK. Of course I do, for I have the organ of speech—a mouth organ—do you mark me?

SIMON. But you talk in a way——

KRINK. Well, it's my way; and I say here, before everybody——

SIMON. There is nobody but me.

KRINK. And you are nobody, so I shall postpone my burst of eloquence till I get a better audience.

SIMON. You cause a riot in every tavern that we enter.

KRINK. Then you should not lead me into such dens of iniquity.

SIMON. I?

KRINK. Certainly! the jingle of coin is never heard in my pouch, and if you were not so infamous as to pay for the spiced sack that I imbibe, I should be too virtuous ever to enter a tavern.

SIMON. There's gratitude! 'tis I that would avoid every hostelry, but you force every stiver from my pocket.

KRINK. And is it not a horrible country, Simon, where a man has to pay for another's luxuries, whether he likes it or not?

SIMON. You should have a private purse, Martin.

KRINK. Impossible!

SIMON. Why so?

KRINK. Because I am married, Simon; and there is another instance of frightful tryanny. I am never allowed a coin. Is it not atrocious that a man—I may, without vanity, say a fine man—should be the slave of a woman, and that woman, too, his wife?

SIMON. I know she governs you.

KRINK. She does; and never blushes at her abominable delinquency. Talk of liberty! where, in England, is one to look for the commodity, when even one's wife is allowed to gallop rough-shod over her husband's rights. Harry the Eighth's government is horrible to endure—but petticoat government—oh, that is something awful.

SIMON. What nonsense you do talk.

KRINK. Nonsense! depend upon it, Simon, there will be no liberty in this country till every woman is made a prisoner for life. Where is our freedom—whe the liberty of the subject? when, at this very moment, I, with the courage of a lion, am trembling lest my spouse, Winifred Krinkly, should suddenly pounce upon me.

WINIFRED *enters*, L.—KRINKLY *goes over to* R.

WINIF. And no wonder, lazy ale-bibber that thou art. Thy business is going to rack and ruin.

KRINK. I have no time to attend to business—I am engaged in the pursuit of liberty.

WINIF. (*crossing* C.). Yes, liberty to lounge about the streets talking rubbish, and haunt taverns. (*advancing*) Listen to me, Master Martin, or——

KRINK. (*retreating*). Beware what you do—I am a man—I pay taxes.

WINIF. Dost thou? not lately then, for the collector has just called for the arrears, and was about to take possession of our chattels.

KRINK. Simon, you hear that—more tryanny.

WINIF. And the vintner who was besotted enough to give thee credit, has threatened law.

KRINK. He has? bloated tyrant! take my word for it, Simon, there can be no hope of liberty in this country so long as a man is compelled to pay his debts.

WINIF. And thou, Master Kreetnur, why dost thou entice my husband from his dwelling, and trot at his heels like a spaniel dog?

KRINK. (R.). Simon, remember you are a man.

WINIF. Silence!

KRINK. (*aside*). Disgusting tyranny!

SIMON. (L.). He seeks me out, Mistress Winifred—he clings to me.

WINIF. I shall, in future, endeavor to keep him from thee.

KRINK. And this is the land of liberty, where you may not have a friend—must basely desert the man who has money to discharge on ale-house reckoning.

SIMON. He talks treasons, and brings me into danger, for when people threaten to call the guard, he always swears 'twas I who spoke.

WINIF. Shameful, Martin, shameful

KRINK. I can no longer doubt it—liberty is extinct—for now a man is not allowed to sacrifice his friend to save himself.

WINIF. Get to thy home, Simon Kreetnur.

SIMON. Gladly. (*crossing*, R.). For my loom is idle, and my pockets empty.

KRINK. (C., *aside*). And I shall need more spiced ale.

WINIF. (L.). And thou, Martin, come with me.

KRINK. Winifred Krinkly, I am a man—I pay taxes. Simon Kreetnur,

liberty is a precious prerogative—therefore resolve, as I do, to maintain your rights, and never to yield to any tyrant breathing.

WINIF. (*with authority*). Are you coming, Martin?

KRINK. (*humbly*). Certainly, my love.

[MARTIN *follows* WINIFRED *off*, L.—*Exit* SIMON, R.

Scene changes to

SCENE III.—*Chamber in 3rd grooves, handsomely furnished—door covered with tapesty*, R.—*window* C.—*door*, L. *of flat.*

CATHERINE *enters*, R. D, *goes to* ATHELWOLD, *discovered seated on a sofa*, C., *and gives him her hand.*

CATH. My lord!

ATHEL. Ah, 'tis you! my heart welcomes you! And how did you sleep last night in your new dwelling?

CATH. I did not sleep an instant.

ATHEL. And yet your eyes are brilliant—your complexion rose-like, as if sleep had shaken over you all her nightly flowers.

CATH. Waking hours have, sometimes, dreams as sweet as those which follow us to our sleep. Happiness and Hope can also freshen the complexion, and make the eye sparkle.

ATHEL. So, you're happy?

CATH. Surely, since you have promised me that we shall not leave England. (*sits by his* L. *side.*)

ATHEL. But if we quit not England, my beautiful duchess, you will be compelled to renounce that title—to forego the pleasures of the Court of France—the joy of hearing twenty times a day that your are fair.

CATH. You will tell me so—will you not?

ATHEL. My darling Kate!

CATH. But prithee, why have you lodged me in the most remote chambers of this mansion? the view, methinks, from this apartment is far more beautiful, and during your absence—for you have said that occasionally you must leave, to attend the court—I should find pleasure in gazing from this window.

ATHEL. Catherine, this chamber has always been mine own—to change would be to arouse suspicion. All who seek me come to this apartment. You see; hence, that I have foreseen everything, and how impossible it is that I should grant what now you ask.

CATH. But I may sometimes approach this window to watch for your return—to wave my handkerchief, and say by signs, that which you would not have uttered from my lips, "Come quickly, for I love thee—I think of, and expect thee!"

ATHEL. Is not the entire mansion thine own, love? Yes! come hither—but never without the greatest caution, never without closing, as I do now, this door. (*secures* D. L. C.)

CATH. Tell me—is it London that we behold from this casement?

ATHEL. Yes.

CATH. And the palace of Whitehall! cannot that be distinguished?

ATHEL. Aye, (*pointing*, R.) 'tis there.

CATH. It was to that palace, that, when raised to the throne, Anne Boleyn was conducted?

ATHEL. Yes!

CATH. Tell me, is it true that when she left her splendid barge upon the Thames, and placed her foot on shore, the queenly robe was thrown

across her shoulders—that the white satin litter in which she was borne, and on all sides open, that the people might gaze on her who was to reign over them. It was Nurse Kennedy who related this to me.

CATH. She told you truly.

CATH. Ambassadors and noblemen, with a hundred gentleman mounted on splendid steeds, accompanied her. (*observing* ATHELWOLD'S *fixed looked of astonishment*). Is it not true that, thus splendidly attired, and with that brilliant train, Anne Boleyn arrived at Whitehall, to join the monarch who there most eagerly awaited her?

ATHEL. And three years after, she left Whitehall, clothed in black, and, accompanied but by a single priest, repaired to the Tower, where the headsman awaited her.

CATH. She merited her fate, for she deceived the king.

ATHEL. You are admirably informed in all these matters, my sweet historian—it is a new accomplishment, for which I have never given you credit. (*raises her hand to kiss it—his lips touch the ring that the* KING *has put upon her finger—he starts.*)

CATH. Why do you start?

ATHEL. 'Tis nothing.

CATH. But tell me.

ATHEL. I dare not.

CATH. Oh, yes.

ATHEL. What if it is a sacrifice that I would ask of you?

CATH. Speak, nevertheless; and we will see if we love you sufficiently to make that sacrifice.

ATHEL. That ring!

CATH. Well——

ATHEL. My lips encountered it but now, on kissing your hand, and it was given you not by me, but by another. Are you anxious to retain that ring?

CATH. (*holding it up*). Do you not think that it becomes my hand—that it is a foil to its whiteness?

ATHEL. But, dear love, thy hand is sufficiently white—sufficiently beautiful without it—so let me have it?

CATH. A ring given by a king is rare and curious, and surely worth preserving.

ATHEL. Yes, but when that king has given it as a token of love——

CATH. Art jealous?

ATHEL. Yes, Kate, I confess I am jealous. I should be jealous even of him whom thy robe had touched in passing. Oh, Catherine, Catherine, (*throwing himself at her feet*) pity me, for I am mad with love for thee. Thou wilt have mercy on me, and wilt not, by retaining that ring, crush my heart!

CATH. (*rising, and looking from window*). Athelwold, look; do you not behold a troop of horse approaching yonder, on the London Road? Lo! they wind their way towards this mansion. (*pointing off, but not leaving the sofa.*)

ATHEL. (*bending out of the window*). Yes—who are these men—and what their errand?

CATH. (*aside*). He will forget the ring!

ATHEL. Heavens! I cannot be mistaken!—'tis, he—what would he now!

CATH. He? whom?

ATHEL. Harry of England?

CATH. (*advancing hastily towards window*). The King!

ATHEL. (*restraining her*). Yes, yes, the King! (*drawing her back*) Fly this instant, Catherine—return to your own apartments, I implore you;

and in the name of Heaven—in the name of our love—of my life—Oh, conceal my treasure from every eye. (*suddenly stopping, as a trumpet sounds without*) Do you not hear his trumpet? he is there—even now at yonder door—away, away! (*hurries her off*, R. D.—*draws the tapestry over the door by which she goes.*)

ATHEL. Why comes he here? has he learned that I have deceived him? (*goes to and opens* D. L. C.) Yet, no, no, for, then——

Enter PAGE, L. C.

PAGE (*announcing*). His Majesty the King! [*Exit*, L. C.

Enter HENRY, D. L. C.

ATHEL. (*bowing*). Sire——

HEN. Good-morning, your grace.

ATHEL. This honor, sire——

HEN. I must e'en seek you, Athelwold, in your own mansion, since you will not visit me in my palace!

ATHEL. Your majesty had but to express the wish, and——

HEN. Yes, yes, I know—but I had need to converse with you, and instantly, of important matters, and the walls of my palace have ears; so I preferred to come here and speak, surrounded but by this old tapestry. (CATHERINE *is seen to raise the tapestry of her door*, R., *and listen for a short time.*)

ATHEL. Thanks! (HENRY *sits on the sofa*—ATHELWOLD *remains standing*, R.) And now, Athelwold, hearken to me. For the last year you have I know, been dreaming of an honor you thought unattainable.

ATHEL I, sire!

HEN. Your lips, 'tis true, have not given utterance to a word that could betray your secret, but your eyes have revealed it to all who would give themselves the trouble to observe. My lord, brief, you love my sister.

ATHEL. Sire!

HEN. Yesterday I questioned the Princess Margaret, and learned her sentiments respecting you.

ATHEL. And she does not love me!

HEN. She does love you.

ATHEL. Heavens!

HEN. This time, for once, my heart and my politics can agree. (*extending his hand to* ATHELWOLD). You will be happy, Athelwold, and your happiness will ensure my tranquillity, for when I depart to Scotland I shall leave for regent of my kingdom more than a friend;—a brother!—I shall go without fear, since, should misfortune happen to me, the law—in consequence of the illegitimate birth of Mary and Elizabeth, and the poor health of Prince Edward—has empowered me to name a successor to my throne, (*rising*) therefore, *brother*, I shall leave with thee a testament, of which my keeper-of-the-seals will hold a duplicate, appointing you Regent in my absence; King, on my death.

ATHEL. Sire!

HEN. Well!

ATHEL. Oh, I am unworthy of such favor.

HEN. Wherefore?

ATHEL. I can accept nothing of all that your majesty has offered.

HEN. Ah! what means your grace? methinks that you are distraught!

ATHEL. Sire! I can understand why you should deem me so—or most ungrateful; but, sire, I cannot accept——

HEN. (*threatingly*). My lord, you will.

ATHEL. (*raising his head*). I have reflected, sire.

HEN. You refuse the regency?

ATHEL. I am grateful for the honor, sire, but——

HEN. You decline the hand of the Princess Margaret?

ATHEL. I know how little I have expected the offer of such an alliance, therefore I but render justice to myself in confessing that I am unworthy of it.

HEN. Do you forget that under the friend is the king—that entreaty may be followed by command.

ATHEL. Sire—in the name of all you hold most dear—have grace!—save me from my threatened destiny. Your entreaty has made of me an ingrate—your command would make of me a rebel.

HEN. I am curious to see such boldness! (*smiles.*)

ATHEL. (*advancing, to take his hand*) Oh, I implore your majesty.

HEN. (*repulsing him*). Back my, lord—back!

ATHEL. (*placing his hand on his sword*). Sire!

HEN. Beware, my lord—beware! you have laid your hand upon your sword in presence of your king—that is high treason, my lord.

ATHEL. Oh, Heaven, teach me how to act.

HEN. Fortunes more brilliant than your grace's have shone around our throne—but on one breath of ours they have died extinct.

ATHEL. I know it.

HEN. You now are rich and powerful, but I could snatch from you, shred by shred, your titles and your fortune, and cast you forth to storm and tempest more poor and naked than the meanest mendicant who crawls before my palace gates.

ATHEL. You could.

HEN. I could drag you before the peers and charge you with high treason for the crime which you have just committed.

ATHEL. I should not deny it.

HEN. I could drag you to the scaffold.

ATHEL. I should not fear to climb its steps!

HEN. This is too much, my lord; and we shall see who first will yield. (*going*—ATHELWOLD *is following*) Remain!

ATHEL. Sire, you are now within my mansion—I am, till declared otherwise by my peers, still a loyal subject it is my duty, therefore, to attend your majesty to the entrance gate and bend my knee, that you may mount your steed.

HEN. Come then, my lord; but, by our royal word, it is the last time such honor shall be accorded to you. [*Exeunt*, D. L. C.

CATH. (*comes forward slowly*). He is very handsome. So that's the king, who descended to my tomb to place this ring upon my finger, and would have placed a crown upon my head. How great and powerful he appears amidst the courtiers who surround him—(*at window*) Behold them bare-headed and bowing lowly where *he* alone is covered and bears head erect—what is't I see? Athelwold leading to him the horse, and holding for him the stirrup, that the king may tread upon him in rising to the saddle—what degradation! and Athelwold is noble too—my husband! Oh, 'tis most humiliating! Go, mighty king, the lower thou shalt tread men beneath thy feet, the greater wilt thou be, and the more envied that woman whom thou shalt place beside thee on thy throne. Should I become a widow——

Enter ATHELWOLD, D. L. C, *pale and agitated.*

ATHEL. Kate!

CATH. (*following* HENRY *with her eyes*). I am here.

ATHEL. 'Tis well—hasten, a pen and parchment, instantly.

CATH. What would you do?

ATHEL. (*sitting at table and writing*). Where were you whilst the king was here?

CATH. Behind yon tapestry.

ATHEL. (*still writing*). Ah! then you've heard——

CATH. Every word!

ATHEL. You heard, my wealth is confiscated?

CATH. Yes.

ATHEL. That even my life is menaced?

CATH. Yes, yes, but the king will be softened.

ATHEL. (*rising, and looking at her*). And you know for whom I thus lose all?

CATH. (*throwing herself into his arms*). Oh, yes, yes.

ATHEL. Well, the moment I have expected has now arrived.

CATH. What mean you?

ATHEL. When you recovered from your lethargy I showed you this vial, still half full of the narcotic liquid.

CATH. Oh, Heaven!

ATHEL. Catherine, my beloved, 'tis now my turn to do that for your happiness which I caused you to perform for mine. I must now descend as you did, into the crypt—die to the world that I may live again for only you. (*drinks.*)

CATH Oh, no, no! you must not.

ATHEL. (*showing the vial empty*). Behold!

CATH. Empty!—Mercy—I will call for aid.

ATHEL. Silence! and remember that we must not lose a moment—for moments are numbered to me now, and there are a thousand things that I would say to thee.

CATH. Athelwold! Athelwold! Oh, Heaven! how pale he is, already.

ATHEL. Catherine, this parchment—it will be found about me will indicate that, fearing Henry's anger, and wishing to escape the block, I have taken poison. The motive will appear sufficient, and no one will suspect that my death is feigned.

CATH. Athelwold! Athelwold! this is tempting Providence.

ATHEL. It has restored to me a more precious treasure, which I confided to its care. Listen! I am the last of my line; I dead, my name would be extinct, and my wealth would go unto the crown. Oh, be not alarmed, I shall still have gold enough for splendor in a foreign land.

CATH. (*thoughtful*). What say you?

ATHEL. That, by all but thee, I speedily shall be forgotten; thou alone wilt think of me when I'm enclosed within that tomb, of which there are but two keys that can unlock the door.

CATH. Two?

ATHEL. Yes; one of those keys must be given to my heir, my king.

CATH. And the other?

ATHEL. (*placing key in her hand*). To thee, my wife.

CATH. No, no! retain that key, and when you shall awake, you can yourself employ it.

ATHEL. And, who will place it near me? have you forgotten that you may not yourself attend me to the tomb?

CATH. (*taking the key*). Ah, true!

ATHEL. (*falling on his knee*). And now, dearest, while still I've power to gaze—let me read in your eyes that I shall awake to love and happiness! (CATHERINE *sinks on the couch*) while I can listen, let me hear your sweet voice murmur words of tenderness in my ear; and let its melodi-

ous accents penetrate to my soul, even while I sleep, for you will be beside my tomb, will you not? oh, yes, yes, you will be there, watching my return to life—your eyes fixed on mime, your hand placed upon my heart. (*taking her hand—he starts*) Ah, that ring—again that ring! Oh, let me have it, Kate!

CATH. (*giving it to him*). There.

ATHEL. Oh, how happy am I in thy love. Oh, speak to me,—say that you are mine, only mine, that I am dear to thee.

CATH. Athelwold—my husband! (*aside*) I know not what to say to him. (*embraces him convulsively.*)

ATHEL. (*rising*). Oh, embrace me not thus, thou mak'st it terrible to quit thee even for an hour—thy breath is of fire, it burns my blood—air—air! I stifle; Catherine! (*he falls*) Catherine!

CATH. (*on one knee—raising his head on the other*). Oh, heaven! Oh, heaven!

ATHEL. I no longer see, or hear thee—thy hand, (*forcibly pressing it*) where is thy hand? Oh, Catherine, my life! my soul—to-morrow! to-morrow!

ATHELWALD'S *head slides from* CATHERINE'S *knee and on to ground,* CATHERINE *contemplates him for an instant as he lies before her, then, her lips trembling, but without speaking, she places her hand upon his heart and, feeling that it has ceased to beat, she, still on one knee behind the body, draws the royal ring from his finger and passes it on her own—and looks to window—this is done in silence, and without music.*

SLOW CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Throne Room of the Palace as in Act* I., *Scene* 1—*throne on steps,* C.—*folding doors,* R. C., L. 1 E., *and* R. 1 E.—*a small door,* L. C. (*the door opening towards* R.)—(*2d grooves.*)

HENRY *discovered seated,* PRINCESS MARGARET *kneeling at his feet, her head bowed on his knees.*

PRINCESS. Oh, sire! brother! suffer me to weep before you, for you alone know why I weep.

HEN. Courage, girl, courage.

PRIN. (*still kneeling*). Oh, my brother, yours is the greatest loss, for of all the flattering courtiers by whom you are surrounded, he was the only man who really cared for you.

HEN. I know it.

PRIN. He was the most noble amongst all nobility; the bravest of the brave.

HEN. True, true!

PRIN. And yet you menaced him, my brother—'twas you who drove him to that dread extremity—'tis you who are the cause of that.

HEN. Oh, silence, silence! The wealth of kingdoms would I give if I could but racall the threats I uttered.

PRIN. Too late now, brother, too late—for he is dead.

HEN. You are young, and will yet wed happily, Margaret, for you can choose amongst the noblest of our land.

PRIN. No; the heart which has loved Athelwold, henceforth can wor-

ship only Heaven; and of all the world can offer I ask but this—(*aside, producing key*)—the key which unlocks the vault where he lies buried. (*aside*) Farewell, Harry, farewell.

HEN. My heart, too, is now bereft of all it loved. Oh, Catherine! Catherine!

Enter PAGE, D. L. 1 E.

PAGE. Sire, a young lady who comes, she says, from the neighborhood of Richmond, is in the adjoining chamber, and most earnestly solicits an interview with your Majesty.

HEN. Oh, 'twas near Richmond that Catherine resided. Bid the lady approach. [*Exit* PAGE, D. L. 1 E.
Some companion, some one who knew her, and who now about to wed, peradventure, comes to ask a dowry at my hands.

CATHERINE *appears at* D. L. 1 E., *closely veiled.*

HEN. What would you, young lady? (CATHERINE *advances slowly to the king, kneels, and presents the ring that he has given her*) The ring! who, then, are you? (*he hastily removes the veil*—CATHERINE *remains on her knee, pale, her eyes cast down*) Catherine Howard! great heaven! what can this mean! do I gaze upon a shadow, or reality? (*taking her in his arms and raising her*) Living! oh, it cannot be! for did I not behold you extended on the tablet, enveloped in a shroud, and pale and frozen as a marble statue? Has Heaven permitted you to rise from the funeral bier? Oh, speak, speak! your voice alone can prove to me that you are not a phantom.

CATH. Sire, am I the first maid deemed dead, when only in a trance, who has awakened in the coffin wherein she had been placed.

HEN. King of Kings, King Harry thank thee! Knew you that I loved you?

CATH. I had been told so, sire.

HEN. Knew you that, rendered desperate, I descended to your tomb?

CATH. That too, I was told.

HEN. And knew you that it was this hand which placed that ring upon your finger?

CATH. The ring I haved restored to you, sire.

HEN. And was your trance so deep, that you remember naught of all that passed while you so slept?

CATH. Nothing.

HEN. And your previous life?

CATH. I have forgotten it.

HEN. Entirely?

CATH. I live only since the moment that I issued from my grave—I have no memory for aught beyond.

HEN. But, tell me, dearest Catherine, how got you from the vault?

CATH. (*looking at a key, which she holds pressed in her hand*). Every vault has a key which closes and which opens it.

HEN Oh, I shudder at the thought that you might have remained enclosed within that sepulchre, living amongst the dead—and none have known that you were there.

CATH. Horror! (*starting*) that would have been most awful!

HEN. To awake within a coffin, alone, in darkness—vainly to shriek for succor, and to be answered only by the dreary echoes; at last to feel approach the pangs of hunger——

CATH. No more, no more! (*in great agony, carrying her hand to her head*) Oh, atrocious, most atrocious!

HEN. Forgive me for thus recalling to your thoughts such horrors, and—stay—receive again this ring. (*placing it on her finger*) Never more to be plucked from your finger.

CATH. So you renew to Catherine, the living, the promises made to Catherine the dead?

HEN. All—my palace and my throne,—thou shalt share with me; thy most golden dreams shall be realized; thou shalt revel in every delight which this world can afford; where'er my power extends, thou shalt command; thou shalt be happy.

CATH. (*looking at key in her hand*). Do you think so?

HEN. By my faith, yes! wherefore should st thou not? Art thou not young, beautiful, beloved——

CATH. And queen?

HEN. We will be united, *sans* delay, in our private chapel; and to-morrow I will publicly proclaim Catherine Howard the Queen of Henry the Eighth.

CATH. (*going rapidly to window*). Sire, the water flowing beneath this window—is it very deep?

HEN. Yes. (*seeing her extend the hand which holds the key*). What is't you do?

CATH. (*dropping key*). Nothing! (*aside*) I make myself queen. (*aloud*) Sire, your affianced bride is ready.

HEN. (*embracing her*). Ah, beloved Kate, await me here; speedily I shall return. [*Hurries off*, D. R. C.

CATH. Am I really now awake, or is all that's passing round me but a dream. I feel impelled by an invisible breath, which urges me forward, like the dust of the earth, or the clouds of heaven. But the past? The past is annihilated; the present only is something, the future everything. I exist, I live! all that is occurring to me now is real; what matters to me, then, the rest. This is the palace, this the throne; my foot is on the first step. (*places it*) I ascend. (*does so*) I sit. (*sits in throne chair*) Oh, to assure me that all this is true, let some one approach and bow before me; let them acknowledge my power, and salute me as the Queen.

Enter ATHELWOLD, *pale and haggard, from door*, L. C.—*he advances slowly, and places his foot on the first step of the throne.*

ATHEL. (*bowing*). Hail Catherine Howard, Queen of England!

CATH. (*aghast, falling back in chair*). Horror, horror!

ATHEL. Scarcely a moment are you Queen, but yet, already, Catherine, you see, that as soon as they're expressed, your wishes are accomplished.

CATH. Athelwold!

ATHEL. Do you indeed recognize me; the grave is treacherous, is it not? you deemed 'twas more secure and more profound.

CATH. Mercy! awaken me, oh, Heaven! no longer let me writhe a prey to this most hellish dream.

ATHEL. How gladly would you hear 'twas but a dream; but, no, Catherine, no, you do not sleep.

CATH. Art thou a spectre—a phantom shade!

ATHEL. Yes—to all but thee; to thee I live—am still thy husband; to all the rest, as thou sayest I am a shadow!

CATH What devil has evoked thee from thy close-shut marble home?

ATHEL Thou didst forget, fair Catherine, that there were *two* keys; that I gave thee one, and that the king received the other. Thou didst forget that there were two women—one whom I did not love, but who loved me (she is the Princess Margaret), the other whom I loved, but

who loved me not, and she is Catherine Howard. These women have changed characters; who should have remembered has forgotten; who should have forgotten has remembered; so that on my awakening, I beheld the one instead of the other, beside my tomb.

CATH. Oh, I crave your mercy, Athelwold! (*going to him*) Forgive me, and let us fly! let us depart together, as you at first did wish. I am ready!—conceal me within your cloak, bear me in your own dear arms, hide me in some remote and desolate corner of the earth; but let us fly—let us fly!

ATHEL. (*repulsing her*). No, lady, the destiny of all on earth must be accomplished, mine, equally with your own.

CATH. Athelwold!

ATHEL. You were of humble birth, but not content to be a Duke's wife—you thirsted to be Queen. Well, your wish will be gratified—you have not feared the passion of Henry the Eighth—yet his love will destroy you.

CATH. Oh, have pity on me.

ATHEL. You have desired a crown and you will rest it on your brow, but it will whiten your hair; you have sighed for a sceptre—you will grasp it, but it will wither your hand; you have sought a throne—you have mounted it, but in descending you will stumble against Anne Bolyen's block.

CATH. (*clapping her hands to her neck*). Oh, saints in heaven!

ATHEL. Ha, lady!—that your sleep may have golden dreams, you need a bed whereon already four queens have reposed! Dare to close your eyes there, Catherine, and on the morrow you shall tell me what those queens said when they came to you, at the hour when ghosts steal from their tombs.

CATH. Am I to see you, then, again?

ATHEL. Canst thou doubt it, Catherine? Have we not stood together at the altar? and death alone can separate those whom Heaven hath united. Yes, thou wilt again behold me, for the most secret passages of the palace are familiar to me; and Fleming, and the Princess Margaret will lend me their aid, and will be silent. Catherine Howard, though the Queen of England, is none the less Countess of Nothumberland. The Nothumberland's rights are more ancient, madam, than those of the Tudor; and, faithful subject though I am, I can consent to yield to him but a portion of them.

CATH. What is that you would do?

ATHEL. Your ascenion to the throne has been but slow and tortuous; enjoy without delay, the happiness of having reached it, for straight and rapid will be your fall therefrom.

CATH. But to crush me, you must also destroy yourself.

ATHEL. I have told you, Catherine, that in life and death my destiny is your own. We have reposed in the same bed—we will mount the same scaffold—will lie within the self-same grave.

CATH. The king approaches—fly, my lord, fly!

ATHELWOLD *darts to small door*, L. C., *and holding it open is concealed behind it.* R. C *doors are thrown open and* LORDS, PAGES, &c., *enter*—HENRY *comes forward and takes* CATHERINE'S *hand.*

HEN. My lords and gentleman, behold the Queen. (TWO *or* THREE VOICES *exclaim* "Long Live the Queen"—ALL *bow.*) Kate, I have kept my word—the archbishop stands in readiness.

ATHEL. (*aside*). Let me now fulfill mine. Catherine, I go to prepare the executioner.

Flourish - all go up C.—CATHERINE, *at back, turns and sees* ATHELWOLD, *who is gazing menacingly on her—she shudders, utters a subdued cry, and clings to* HENRY—*all turn towards her*—ATHELWOLD *disappears, closing* L. C.

Scene closes in.

SCENE II.—*Street in* 1*st grooves.*

Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK, *attended,* L.—DUKE OF SUSSEX, *attended,* R.

SUS. Still in England, my lord! I believed ere this, you had renewed acquaintance with the Scots on the Banks of Tweed.

NOR. Within the next four-and-twenty hours I certainly shall depart; but have you heard the news at Court, my lord?

SUS. No; I have this instant returned to London. Has aught of importance——

NOR. Then you do not know that Athelwold is dead?

SUS. Dead! heaven forefend! how very sudden.

NOR. And something even more important still has happened; but I have no time to tell you now, unless, indeed, you make my way; thereby——

SUS. Oh, I have no momentous matter on my hands, and am most anxious to learn——

NOR. Come, then, my lord. [*Exeunt,* R.

MARTIN KRINKLY *enters,* L. *dragging on* SIMON *by the collar.*

KRINK. Do not be ridiculous, Simon, but come along.

SIMON. I object to this proceeding—it is a liberty.

KRINK. I am very glad of it, for liberty is a scarce commodity now-a-days.

SIMON. You have dragged me from my home.

KRINK. And not without sufficient reason—I am thirsty.

SIMON. This is tyranny!

KRINK. Of course it is. I tell you, Simon, the country is full of tyrants—there is no such thing as freedom for a living mortal. Look at me, Simon, I pay taxes—well. (*pointing*) the owner of yonder tavern, not an hour since, forcibly ejected me from his premises, because, after I had drunk a flagon of his vile home-brewed, he suddenly discovered that I had no money wherewith to pay for it.

SIMON. And served you right, Martin.

KRINK. Simon, you are unworthy the blesssings of freedom. I pant for that liberty, whether I have money or not, I may help myself to whatever I think proper.

SIMON. If your wife knew——

KRINK. Mention not the female here. Simon, do you know that one of our tyrants is defunct—the Duke of Northumberland is no more?

SIMON. Poor gentleman, he had a good heart—he was kind to the poor.

KRINK. Yes, and now observe how basely he has acted—evidently weary of these donations, he has poisoned himself, that he might henceforth save his money, and be rid of their importunities.

SIMON. Poisoned himself! oh, dear, that was very wrong.

KRINK. Simon, I see it plainly—you carry about with you the germs of tyranny, and if you had had the power would no doubt have taken from him the liberty to destroy himself.

SIMON. Certainly, I am a Christian.

KRINK. Pooh, Simon, a Christian is nothing; but I am a man—I pay taxes—man should be a free agent, so come along, Simon, (*grasping him*) you have money, and my throat is remarkably dry. (*shout without*, R.) Eh? what is that? have the people risen for their liberties? then I shall go home and pray for their success.

SIMON (*going to* R.). Rise? ridiculous! what for? (*looking off*, R.) No—I see—'tis the brave Duke of Sussex; as he passes along the people recognize him.

MARTIN. Oh, miserable slaves! to shout because they see a lord—and that is liberty.

SIMON. Certainly—the liberty to shout.

KRINK. Simon, thank Heaven I still have the liberty to say that you are a fool. (*turns from him.*)

SIMON. Ah, but that is making rather too free.

DUKE OF SUSSEX *and* ATTENDANTS *enter* R.—SIMON *bows and draws back* —DUKE *passes over to* L.

KRINK. (*not seeing* SUSSEX). And would I shout—would I humble myself before a lord? never!

SUSSEX (*close to* MARTIN). Suffer me to pass, good fellow.

KRINK (*starting, turning, and seeing* DUKE). Certainly, my lord—I crave pardon—I was not aware—(*bowing humbly and profoundly, and drawing back as* DUKE *and his* ATTENDANTS *go off*)

KRINK. There goes one of the foes to liberty.

SIMON. Then why did you bow so lowly to him?

KRINK. To hide from him the indignation in my countenance.

SIMON. Pooh! you are a counterfeit.

KRINK. Counterfeit! how do you mean? I am a man—I pay taxes—and I pant for freedom—and I say that lords are foes to liberty—and while those lords are at liberty there can be no liberty.

CAPTAIN OF GUARD *and* TWO SOLDIERS *pass behind from* L. *to* R.

(*not seeing them*) And if it needed a hand to exterminate every lord in the kingdom—even the king—I——

CAPTAIN (*suddenly stopping*). Treason! (*advancing quickly*, L) Which of you uttered that?

SIMON. It was——

KRINK. (*quickly*). Certainly, it was he—he is for ever talking treason. I am a man—I pay taxes.

CAPT. (*pointing to* SIMON). Secure him!

SIMON (*as they seize him*). No, no—I assure you—Oh, Martin!

KRINK. Simon, 'tis my duty to sacrifice you—liberty demands it.

SIMON (*in great alarm*). Suffer me to speak——

CAPT. You have already said too much.

MARTIN. Certainly! much too much—away with him.

[SIMON *is taken off*, R.

CAPT. Worthy fellow, we shall need your evidence—follow to the guard-house. [*Exit* CAPTAIN, R.

KRINK. At present 'tis not convenient. Simon will be no loss to society; I only shall regret him; for, he gone, whence will come the spiced ale so necessary to inspire my patriotic ardor? Now, I will go home to my domestic tyrant, with the sweet consolation that I am a man—I pay taxes—that I am not unworthy to be free; for I have this instant sacrificed my friend to preserve my own liberty.

[*With Roman firmness, exit*, L.

Scene changes to.

SCENE III.—*The* QUEEN'S *Chamber in 4th grooves. Door,* L. F., *covered with tapestry—door,* R. 3 E.

CATHERINE *discovered seated* L. 2 E.—*her elbows on a table, and her face buried in her hands.*

CATH. Oh, how quickly will my brow be furrowed by wearing this mask of gayety while misery is at my heart. (*rises*) I thought that I should love him because he was a king—love him! (*goes to* R.) I fear him, that is all. (*sinks on couch,* R. C.)

ATHELWOLD, *unseen by* CATHERINE, *raises tapestry of* D. L. F.—*enters and slowly advances.*

And oh, should *he* continue to pursue—he said this morning he would come to me!—I dare not look around lest I should see him standing there, (*pointing, without looking, at the spot where* ATHELWOLD *is standing*) stern, and menacing—lest I should hear his sepulchral voice pronounce my name. (*starting up*) I will summon my Maids of Honor—why do they leave me thus alone? (*about to ring bell,* L.—*her hand is arrested by that of* ATHELWOLD.)

ATHEL. One instant, Catherine!

CATH. Great Heaven! How got you here?

ATHEL. (*pointing*). By that door, which communicates with the apartments of the Princess Margaret.

CATH. You are a magician! I myself, locked that door.

ATHEL. You always forget, Catherine, that there may be two keys to every lock!

CATH. (*going hastily to* R. D.). This, at least—(*secures* R. D. *by placing the wooden bar across it.*)

ATHEL. Poor Catherine! thou art as anxious now to prevent the king beholding me, as I was formerly to guard you from his sight.

CATH. Oh, if he saw me here with you, we both were lost.

ATHEL. The very words which once I spoke to you.

CATH. And now, what would you with me? speak!

ATHEL. I would know if thy new fortune hath made thee happy.

CATH. Happy? Athelwold! I could not wish such happiness to the murderer of my mother! Rest satisfied, that you are well avenged;—did you but know how much I suffer, oh! surely you would pity me.

ATHEL. Pity, madam! that would be a strange sentiment to cherish for a queen. Pity you!—have you not gained all that you so much desired—obsequious pages, a brilliant court, superb vestments, and sumptuous apartments?

CATH. Oh, for Nurse Kennedy, my plain white robe, my little room at Richmond—and thee, my Athelwold, loving me as thou once loved me! (*sinks on couch,* R. C.)

ATHEL. (*sitting at table near couch*). Yes—I, at that time was sad while you were gay. You have not forgotten, Catherine, the ballad that you so oft recited to me? The king has received his answer—the bondwoman wears a crown.

CATH. Oh, unhappily, yes!

ATHEL. (*rising, and seating himself on stool at* CATHERINE'S *feet*). When I asked you for the sequel of the loves of Richard and Elfrida the fair, you answered that you did not know it—shall I relate it to you?

CATH. To what purpose?

ATHEL. Because the story may interest you, since it bears a close resemblance to our own. (*places his hat on couch.*)

CATH. Say and do whatever you will—you are the master.

ATHEL. Well, Elfrida answered "Yes," and became queen.

CATH. Unhappy woman! to be a queen!

ATHEL. But she had forgotten one thing—which was, to confess her amour with Richard to her royal husband. 'Tis very strange, but there was at that time a law exactly similar to that which Henry of England has passed, which condemned to death any female who, after a like affection, should, without informing him of it, espouse the king.

CATH. To death?

ATHEL. 'Tis true that this secret was known only to Richard—Richard her accomplice.

CATH. And that law condemned the accomplice to the same death that it inflicted on the guilty woman.

ATHEL. Yes; but what is death to a man who has been jealous; especially when that death brings him revenge upon the woman that caused him to suffer all the tortures of hell.

CATH. Mercy!

ATHEL. Richard found means to gain entrance into the Palace; penetrating even to the apartments of the queen, who, no doubt, was studying by what way she could be rid of that man.

CATH. (*quickly*). Oh, you cannot think that?

ATHEL. Oh, no! Perhaps she would only have immured him within some vault, of which she alone possessed the key; she might there have left him to die of hunger and thirst; or have him stricken with a dagger——

CATH. Oh, never, never!

ATHEL. However, that he might be prepared for every hazard, he wore beneath his vestments a coat of mail—like this. (*draws aside his tunic, and displays a coat of mail*) For though Richard feared not death, he greatly dreaded the loss of vengeance! Well, as I said, he penetrated to the queen's chamber where she was alone; he seated himself at her back, as I am now at yours. Then he took the hands with which she would have concealed her face—(*dragging her hands down, as she is about to hide her face, and holding them*)—and forcing her to look into his eyes, he said to her, "Catherine,"—no, I mistake, Elfrida—"never was woman loved by man as I loved thee!" Speak.

CATH. Never!

ATHEL. "Never man sacrificed so much for woman, as I for thee!" Speak.

CATH. Never, never!

ATHEL. "And never was man so atrociously rewarded as I have been." (*rising*) Speak, will you, speak?

CATH. (*rising from couch, and bending before him*). Mercy, mercy!

ATHEL. (*despairingly*). Oh, he would have pardoned everything in that woman, her forgetfulness, her ingratitude, even his death, everything, except having passed into the arms of another; he could not forgive her *that*—it was impossible that he could ever pardon her, and so they perished *both!*

CATH. Perished! (*trumpets heard.*)

ATHEL. Yes; for whilst the queen's lover was locked with her, in her chamber, the king returned from the council board.

CATH. My lord, my lord! those trumpets announce that the king is coming hither! fly, oh, fly!

ATHEL. (*immovable*). And as he would not leave——

CATH. Ah!

ATHEL. When the king reached the door of the queen's apartments—(*knocking at* D. R.)—he found it firmly sealed!

HEN. (*without*). Open, Kate, it is I.

CATH. (*imploringly*). My lord, my lord! (*clinging to* ATHELWOLD.)

ATHEL. (*raising his voice*). And heard two voices together speaking.

HEN. Catherine, you are not alone! Open.

ATHEL. (*thrusting* CATHERINE *from him, who falls*). Ha, Ha! 'tis now thy turn to feel the pangs of jealously.

CATH. (*kneeling*). Be merciful, and slay me!

HEN. (*without*). Aid me, gentlemen—guards force the door! (*the door is struck violently without,* R.)

CATH. (*pointing to door, which is yielding*). See—see!

ATHEL. Yes, it is time that I should quit thee, but, Catherine, we shall meet again!

Hurries off behind the tapestry, L. C., *as* D. R. 3 E. *is forced open, and* HENRY *enters, sword in hand, accompanied by* LORDS, *&c.*—SOLDIERS *appear in the doorway.*

HEN. (*looking round*): No one! how is this? Who, madam, has been with you? (*grasping her arm*) Look at me, and answer!

CATH. No one sire—no one; you see that I am alone. (HENRY *searches, and suddenly sees* ATHELWOLD'S *hat.*)

HEN. (*holding hat towards her*). And this——

CATH. Oh, heaven!

HEN. (*going to tapestry door,* L. C.). He to whom it belongs can only have left by this portal! Am I not right?

CATH. (*running to him*). Sire!

HEN. (*trying door*). Made fast!

CATH. (*reassured*). You see——

HEN. The key!

CATH. The key—I—I know nothing of it, sire.

HEN. Search, and you will find it. Search, I say!

CATH. Impossible—I cannot remember——

HEN. Will you swear you have it not about you?

CATH. (*producing key, and offering it*). 'Tis here, sire.

HEN. (*endeavoring to open* D. F.). 'Sdeath! is it so?—the point of a dagger broken in the lock! Ah! your accomplice has contrived his measures admirably to prevent pursuit; but he forgot that he would leave *you* within my power. The name, madam, of that man?

CATH. Sire, I implore you——

HEN. His name?

CATH. (*entreatingly*). No one, sire!

HEN. His name?

CATH. Oh, I cannot, sire—I cannot!

HEN. Ah, you cannot!—so said Anne Boleyn too, but we found means to conquer *her* silence, and closely as her adulterous lips were sealed, yet agony wrung from them the name of Norris! For the last time, Catherine, the name of your paramour?

CATH. I am at your mercy, sire; do with me what you will.

HEN. And not to justify thyself—not a word to make me doubt the evidence of my senses? Again deceived—again betrayed—and always by those most near and dear to me. Captain of the Guard, secure your prisoner!

CATH. Oh, sire—sire!

HEN. Catherine! be ready to appear before the judges who con-

demned Anne Boleyn to the scaffold? (CATHERINE *utters a despairing cry, and falls senseless to the ground*—HENRY *turns away. Tableau.*)

Scene closes in.

SCENE IV.—*Room in* MARTIN KRINKLEY'S *House, in 1st grooves.*

Enter MARTIN, *followed by* WINIFRED, R.

WINIF. Stir from the house at thy peril!

KRINK. Oh, gramercy! and I am a man—I pay taxes——

WINIF. If I were not more thrifty than thou—lazy varlet!—nothing would be paid.

KRINK. And must I suffer my patriotic nature to be subdued by a woman?—must I be pent up within four walls, while my heart is struggling for a nation's liberty? Woman, know'st thou the value of freedom?

WINIF. Yes, but thou shalt not, for at least a week to come. I warrant me, thou wouldst go to Simon Kreetnur?

KRINK. No, decidedly, I have no inclination thereto—it would not harmonize with the liberty I contend for.

Enter SIMON KREETNUR, L.

Simon! and free? Let me embrace thee, thou martyr to liberty!

SIMON. Keep off! Your turn will come Oh, Mistress Krinkly! hast thou heard the dreadful tidings? Catherine Howard, so lately become queen, is sentenced to be beheaded.

WINIF. Oh, dear, dear! another poor creature doomed to the block! My heart foreboded that Anne Boleyn would not be the last. What a time for us lovely women!

KRINK. And there again—why should a king arrogate to himself a liberty that he denies his subjects?

WINIF. What dost thou mean, dolt?

KRINK. The king has had five wives—I but one. When he wearies of them, he makes them shorter by the head. I am a man—I pay taxes—wherefore, then, should I not enjoy the same precious liberty?

WINIF. Oh, thou Bluebeard!

KRINK. Why should not I, at the present moment, be about to rid myself of my fifth wife? Nay, I would not complain if I were even now allowed thus pleasantly to put away my first. The smallest donation to liberty would be thankfully received.

WINIF. (*in a rage*). Thou wretch!

KRINK. But, Simon, there is no hope for liberty.

WINIF. (*striking him on the shoulder*). Thou monster!

KRINK. (*roaring*). Oh! Simon, liberty has received a heavy blow.

SIMON. Martin, I despise you—you are a traitor to your friend.

KRINK. Friend! I reject the term—you are my instrument—my victim.

SIMON. Very well, then, we shall presently change places, for I very soon found witnesses to prove that it was you who always talked treason.

WINIF. What is all this?

SIMON. He caused me to be locked in prison for his faults, Mistress Winifred.

WINIF. Oh, thou maninkin!

KRINK. What so sacred as our liberty?

SIMON. And soldiers will be here to convey him to the Tower.

WINIF. I am very glad to hear it.

KRINK. What? then, I am lost. Oh, Simon, you surely could not!—unsay your words.. Oh, I implore you, by our long-tried friendship—surely you will not basely sacrifice me to save your own worthless life? Simon, by the many cups of sack that we have drunk together—and you have always paid for—I implore you, save me.

SIMON. You know, Martin, 'tis my duty to sacrifice you—liberty demands it.

KRINK. No, Simon, *my* liberty does not demand anything of the sort. (SIMON *turns from him*) The tyrant is inexorable. You, Winifred, my fond, my doating wife—you will save me—hide me—think of liberty, and lock me in the ale-cellar.

WINIF. No, Martin, thou dost deserve thy punishment, and the law must take its course.

KRINK. Take its course! Oh, that means that my blockhead must go to the block. Oh, how loose my head does feel. Winifred Krinkly, now I understand your atrocious nature—you are a disciple of the King's liberty—you are a female Harry the Eighth, Mistress Winifred; and you are about to repudiate your first husband. Oh, 'tis all very well to be a patriot—but I never intended to be a martyr. (*going* L.)

CAPTAIN OF GUARD *enters*, L.

CAPT. Halt! Martin Krinkly——

SIMON. (*pointing*). That is the illustrious individual.

CAPT. Good!

KRINK. Mercy, your highness, I am a man—I pay taxes.

CAPT. Martin Krinkly, my soldiers are without, and I arrest thee for seditious speech—come.

KRINK. No, no; mercy! have you no regard for the liberty of the subject?

CAPT. Thou art dangerous to the king's welfare.

KRINK. Me? there never was a more harmless mortal—I appeal to my wife—she has known me a great many years—even before I was married.

CAPT. (*suddenly drawing his sword*). Come!

KRINK. (*falling on his knees*). No, no, do not kill me here—not before my wife—respect her feelings, if you have no regard for mine. Let me have liberty to kneel at your feet—I love the king—admire his policy—particularly his matrimonial arrangements. Henry the Eighth for ever—long live the king! hurrah!

WINIF. Captain, thou may'st spare him, for he is but a silly goose, and his cackle very harmless.

KRINK. (*still on his knees*). There, I told your worship that she knew me.

CAPT. It is the character that I before have heard of him; but so much license cannot be permitted to his tongue. If, however, you, who appear a prudent woman, will undertake to control him——

KRINK. Of course she will—'tis her constant custom.

WINIF. Trust me that, for the future; I shall hold him with a tight rein.

SIMON. And take my advice, Mistress Winifred, sometimes apply the lash.

KRINK. (*looking reproachfully at* SIMON). And that is the friend whose spiced ale I have so often drunk!

CAPT. Then, Martin Krinkly, I spare thee for the present; but remember, thou wilt be strictly watched. [*Exit*, L.

KRINK. (*on his knees*). I am a man—I pay taxes—and (*looking at himself*) this is the tax I have to pay for liberty.

WINIF. Get thee to thy home, instantly, Simon.

SIMON. Yes, Mistress Winifred! farewell, most valiant patriot—most illustrious martyr. [*Exit*, L.

WINIF. Rise, varlet! how could'st thou so degrade thy manhood as to kneel to a captain of the guard?

KRINK. (*rising*). You cannot possibly think that I bowed the knee to him?

WINIF. Well, unless my eyes deceived me——

KRINK. They did—for 'twas not him that I invoked—'twas not to him I knelt—no, I bowed to glorious liberty—I am still ready to die for liberty.

WINIF. Art thou? then thou shalt have no liberty for a month.

KRINK. No! then thou art too free altogether; and when you talk of the liberty to abridge my liberty, I must take the liberty to observe that it is a liberty I shall not allow. (*she boxes his ears—he dodges her, and runs off*, R.—WINIFRED *follows beating him.*)

Scene changes to

SCENE V.—*Chamber in the Tower, in 2d grooves. Two-thirds of the flats are covered by large black curtains to discover the 3rd and 4th* E.—*door*, R. U. E.—*table and chair*, L.—*lamp, large open book, and writing materials.*

CATHERINE *is discovered, kneeling on hassock, her face hid on her arms, which are spread upon the table. Clock begins to strike five—at the third stroke*, CATHERINE *raises her head, and begins to count. She is dressed in plain black, her hair is dishevelled, and she is deadly pale.*

CATH. Three—four—five! Five o'clock! Another hour and I am dust; and to-morrow the sun will rise upon my grave. So young, yet I have but to extend my arm, to reach eternity—to die, to die! Oh, Heaven! wilt thou leave me thus to perish? (*rising*) Oh, if the king would but pardon me! and suffer me to return to the retreat from whence he drew me. Oh, that I were but permitted to kneel and weep to him, surely he would have compassion—surely he would spare me. I must see him. (*producing diamond ring*) My last hope—all that is left to me of my queenly fortune—oh, come thou to my aid! And the time is passing—the moments fly! How long is't since it was five o'clock? I can no longer measure the hours—my senses are bewildered.

She sinks into chair, her hands pressed upon her forehead—she starts, fixes her eyes on D. R. U. E., *it slowly opens—the* EXECUTIONER *enters, takes a step or two within the door, and then sinks on his knee*—CATHERINE, *on his entrance, has started to her feet, and is now clinging with one hand to the table.*

EXE. You know, madam, who I am?

CATH. I fear so. You are—you are—(*unable to finish.*)

EXE. Yes.

CATH. Why do you kneel?

EXE. I come, according to custom, to ask forgiveness.

CATH. Oh, mockery! The deathsman asks pardon of the victim he is hired to slay.

EXE. I must perform my duty, madam.

CATH. (*looking at diamond, which she has placed on her finger*). Think you not that yours is a horrible trade?

EXE. (*rising*). Horrible!

CATH. Why, then, do you follow it?

EXE. Because my grandsire bequeathed it to my father, and it was my father's legacy to me.

CATH. Then you abhor the trade?

EXE. I have known the time that I would have given half my life to have been permitted to embrace another

CATH. And since——

EXE. I have found it necessary to harden my nature to it.

CATH. There is, in London, no other of your calling?

EXE. No other, madam.

CATH. And, were you to quit the city, no one could replace you.

EXE. No one, madam.

CATH. And they would be forced to send to Calais, for——

EXE. Yes, as they did for Queen Anne, as I could have wished that they have done for you.

CATH. And a respite of three or four days thus would be obtained.

EXE. Undoubtedly.

CATH. (*to herself*). During which I should be able to see the king, or if not see, write to him, and perchance obtain my pardon. (*going to* EXECUTIONER) My friend, you must quit London.

EXE. Impossible.

CATH. Wherefore?

EXE. Who would support my wife and children?

CATH. But, if I made you rich?

EXE. Rich!

CATH. What is your yearly recompense for this——

EXE. Twenty pounds.

CATH. Look at this ring.

EXE. Well

CATH. It is worth a thousand pounds—a sum that it would take you twenty years to win. You may if you choose possess this ring.

EXE. But to earn it, what would be required of me?

CATH. To fly—that is all; I do not ask you to save me, that I know you could not do; but with your wife and children instantly depart and quit the kingdom. No one would recognize you—you would no longer return home with hands reddened with blood, and the infamy bequeathed to you by your father would not descend unto your son.

EXE. I need not run so great risk to obtain that ring, for it will belong to me—everything worn by the condemned is my inheritance.

CATH. But I would give this ring to one of my women.

EXE. You will no more behold them.

CATH. From the scaffold I could proclaim its worth, and cast it amidst the crowd.

EXE. I could snatch it from you, here.

CATH. Look! (*holding ring to her mouth*). Even that attempt would fail you.

EXE. And that ring, madam, is really worth a thousand pounds? you swear it?

CATH. (*placing her hand on open book which lies on table*). I swear it on this sacred volume.

EXE. Give it to me, and I go.

CATH. And by what oath will you assure me of your departure?

EXE I swear, madam, by the life of my youngest child—and may

Heaven crush me if I do not fulfill my oath—that on the instant I receive that ring, I will quit London, and never again return.

CATH. (*giving ring*). Take it, then, and fly. (EXECUTIONER *hurries off*, D. R. U. E. CATHERINE *sinking on her knees*) Oh, Heaven, I thank thee, for I believe thou hast at last had pity on me.

Enter ARCHBISHOP CRANMER, D. R. U. E.

CRAN. I am glad, my child, to find you in that humble posture, since you have now but half an hour to live.

CATH. (*rising*). Ah! (*aside*) but he knows not—no, no—(*smiling*) he does not know.

CRAN. My child, what strange thoughts occupy your mind, that they at such a fearful moment can cause you to smile?

CATH. Father, you must procure me access to the king.

CRAN. Impossible, madam! the execution is fixed for six o'clock, and it is now so near the hour that——

CATH. But if that execution should not take place!

CRAN. (*shaking his head*). My child!

CATH. You will never reveal what now I am about to utter?

CRAN. Oh, never!

CATH. (*leaning on his shoulder and speaking in a subdued tone*). There can be no execution without an executioner—and *he* has fled! (*in a still lower tone*) even while now we speak, he has quitted London.

CRAN. How very strange!

CATH. Hark! (*murmurs without.*)

CRAN. It is the crowd assembled before the scaffold.

CATH. Ah! they will lose their expected sport. I will now write to the king! you promise that you will deliver him my letter?

LIEUTENANT OF TOWER *enters* D. R. U. E.—*several* PERSONS *look anxiously in.*

What would you!

LIEUT. Pardon, madam, but—(*looking about*)—he is not here!

CATH. (*aside*). They will not find him—he has kept his word.

CRAN. (*to* CATHERINE). Heaven protect you, my child. (*to* LIEUTENANT) You seek——

LIEUT. The executioner, for I could not believe that he had fled. (*trumpets heard without.*)

CATH. (*clinging to* CRANMER). What is that?

LIEUT. A proclamation that if, for the present occasion, anyone will volunteer to supply the place of the missing executioner, he shall receive the sum of twenty pounds, and be permitted to conceal his features beneath a mask. (*trumpet sounds again, more distant*—LIEUTENANT *goes off*, D. R. U. E., *door is closed.*)

CATH. But there cannot, under heaven, be found a wretch sufficiently vile to undertake the ghastly mission!

CRAN. I hope not, my child.

CATH. Let me instantly write to the king. (*sits at table*) Tell me, my lord, what I must say to him, for my brain is wandering.

CRAN. Write the language of truth, and heaven permit it to soften the king's heart!

CATH. Oh, no one will offer—no one would perform the horrible task—'twould be a hideous assassination.

CRAN. (c.). Write, madam, write.

CATH. (*writing*). "Henry—with my foot upon the scaffold, by the light of a last ray of hope do I—"

Suddenly stopping, grasping CRANMER'S *robe and pointing to a* MAN, *who enters, masked,* D. R. U. E.

Look there, my lord—(*with great terror*) Look there! (*rising and retreating*) It is he—it is he!

ATHEL. (*masked, having advanced slowly to* L. C. *as she recoils, passing with her back to the audience to* R. C.) Madam, are you prepared?

CATH. It is his voice—his accursed voice! How came I to forget him? (*to* CRANMER) Ah, my lord, I am lost! (*passes to the other side of* CRANMER—*clinging to him*) I am lost.

CRAN. Entreat this man to have pity on you, my child.

CATH. Pity from him? as well expect it from the block on which I am about to place my head.

CRAN. You know him, then? (*she shudders.*)

ATHEL. Oh, yes!—You know me, Catherine, do you not? you remember, "the destiny of both of us must be accomplished." Confess to the holy father that you deserve your punishment—that once to die is insufficient for your crimes—and that you have merited a thousand deaths. Hasten, madam, for it is the hour of your doom—and the headsman awaits his victim. (*he passes out through curtains,* C.)

CRAN. My daughter!

CATH. Yes, my lord, yes—I am indeed a guilty wretch—think you that Heaven will pardon me?

CRAN. Hope, child, for infinite is its mercy.

FOUR MAIDS OF HONOR *dressed in black enter* D. R. U. E., *and comes slowly forward.*

CATH. (*to them*). I did not think that I should see you once again. Would that I was able to bequeath you something in remembrance of your queen; but poor, I mounted to the throne, and poor indeed do I descend therefrom—I have nothing.

LADIES *kneel, two on each side of her, and weeping, kiss her hands. The first stroke of six o'clock is heard—she shudders, and staggers back a pace or two—the* LADIES *continue kneeling.*

CRAN. (*going to* CATHERINE). Daughter!

CATH. I am ready, father—I am ready.

CATHERINE *goes slowly off through curtains, supported by* CRANMER—*the clock continues striking, and after the last stroke of six, a short pause—then a dull heavy sound, as of the axe falling—confused murmurs—the black curtains are suddenly drawn aside, and discover a raised scaffold, in* U. E. *with steps leading to it from the stage—on each side of the steps,* GUARDS, *with halberts and torches—on scaffold, the body of* CATHERINE *covered with a pall—*CRANMER *kneeling, and* ATHELWOLD *upright, his hand upon the handle of the axe—in the distance, painted on a drop, Tower Hill and* SPECTATORS.

The LIEUTENANT *and* OFFICERS *advance slowly on each side from the back —pause.*

ATHEL. The law condemned alike the guilty woman and her accomplice, and—that the sentence may be fully executed—to your hands I now give that accomplice. (*casting aside axe, and tearing mask from his face*) Behold him! arrest him; kill him! His mission in life is done

—his outraged love and honor are revenged, and now—welcome! oh, welcome death to the last Nothumberland!

TWO OFFICERS *rush on to scaffold and secure* ATHELWOLD—*at same time, general exclaimation of* "Athelwold!" *Grand tableau and*

CURTAIN.

PROGRAMME OF SCENERY AND INCIDENTS.

(*For Small Bills, etc.*)

ACT I.—*Scene* 1*st.*—The old palace of Blackfriars. The king reveals his passion for the obscure beauty, and confides to Athelwold his design of taking a fifth wife—the alchemist and the noble—the philtre.

Scene 2*d.*—The secluded dwelling of Catherine on the banks of the Thames. Ambitious aspirations of the cottage girl—the earl and his secret—desperate resolve of Athelwold to preserve his honor and his love, and he administers the draught of seeming death.

ACT II.—*Scene* 1*st.*—The vaults of the chapel reserved for the burial of the House of Northumberland. The lifeless form of Catherine entombed in a noble grave—the husband's visit, and the lover's pilgrimage—peril of the king—"if she wakes, he dies"—Henry departs—the secret safe.

Scene 2*d.*—A street in old London. The tippler and his purse—the gray mare the better horse.

Scene 3*d.*—Reception chamber in Northumberland-house, looking on the village of Charing. The earl and his lady—the secret revealed to Catherine—love, resentment and ambition, which shall be conqueror?—a monarch's anger—desperate resource—the fatal vial drained—the earl's trust betrayed, and he is consigned from seeming to certain death.

ACT III.—*Scene* 1*st.*—Throne room of the palace. Grief of the princess—remorse of Henry—the second key—arrival of the veiled lady—Catherine living!—transport of the king—the first step of the throne—the spectre from the silent sepulchre—conscience avaunt!—ambition rewarded—Catherine Howard Queen of England.

Scene 2*d.*—High treason—Krinkly in trouble—his presence of mind and Roman fortitude—without a sigh he sacrifices his friend to save himself.

Scene 3*d.*—Chamber of the queen. The serpent in the "golden round of sovereignty"—useless remorse—the avenger comes—how poor ambition seems when weighed against content and love—the king's return—again betrayed!—the doom of Anne Boleyn upon the hapless Catherine.

Scene 4*th.*—Martin again in trouble—he is given over to safe keeping, and receives striking proofs of his wife's attachment.

Scene 5*th.*—"That ends this strange, eventful history"—The Tower—Catherine's last hour arrives—a ray of hope—the executioner bought—his flight, and hope's bright dawn again—proclamation for a headsman—the avenger comes—the doom accomplished, and *Catherine Howard dies upon the block.*

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means Right of Stage, facing the Audience; L. Left; C. Centre; R. C. Right of Centre; L. C. Left of Centre. D. F. Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage; C. D. F. Centre Door in the Flat; R. D. F. Right Door in the Flat; L. C. F. Left Door in the Flat; R. D. Right Door; L. D. Left Door; 1 E. First Entrance; 2 E. Second Entrance; U. E. Upper Entrance; 1, 2 or 3 G. First, Second or Third Groove.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

☞ The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

☞ Please notice that nearly all the Comedies, Farces and Comediettas in the following list of "DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS" are very suitable for representation in small Amateur Theatres and on Parlor Stages, as they need but little extrinsic aid from complex scenery or expensive costumes. They have attained their deserved popularity by their droll situations, excellent plots, great humor and brilliant dialogues, no less than by the fact that they are the most perfect in every respect of any edition of plays ever published either in the United States or Europe, whether as regards purity of text, accuracy and fullness of stage directions and scenery, or elegance of typography and clearness of printing.

*** In ordering please copy the figures at the commencement of each piece, which indicate the number of the piece in "DE WITT'S LIST OF ACTING PLAYS."

☞ Any of the following Plays sent, postage free, on receipt of price—***Fifteen Cents*** each.

☞ The figure following the name of the Play denotes the number of Acts. The figures in the columns indicate the number of characters—M. male; F. female.

	M.	F.
75. Adrienne, drama, 3 acts	7	3
231. All that Glitters is not Gold, comic drama, 2 acts	6	3
308. All on Account of a Bracelet, comedietta, 1 act	2	2
114. Anything for a Change, comedy, 1 act	3	3
167. Apple Blossoms, comedy, 3 acts	7	3
93. Area Belle, farce, 1 act	3	2
0. Atchi, comedietta, 1 act	3	2
89. Aunt Charlotte's Maid, farce, 1 act.	3	3
238. Aunt Dinah's Pledge, temperance drama, 2 acts	6	3
287. Bachelor's Box (La Petite Hotel), comedietta, 1 act	4	1
166. Bardell vs. Pickwick, sketch, 1 act.	6	2
310. Barrack Room (The), comedietta, 2a.	6	2
41. Beautiful Forever, farce, 1 act	2	2
241. Bells (The), drama, 3 acts	9	3
123. Betsey Baker, farce, 1 act	2	2
67. Birthplace of Podgers, farce, 1 act..	7	3
56. Black Sheep, drama, 3 acts	7	5
179. Black-Eyed Susan, drama, 2 acts	14	2
296. Black and White, drama, 3 acts	6	3
160. Blow for Blow, drama, 4 acts	11	6
179. Breach of Promise, drama, 2 acts..	5	2
25. Broken-Hearted Club, comedietta..	4	8
70. Bonnie Fish Wife, farce, 1 act	3	1
261. Bottle (The), drama, 2 acts	11	6
226. Box and Cox, Romance, 1 act	2	1
24. Cabman No. 93, farce, 1 act	2	2
199. Captain of the Watch, comedietta, 1 act	6	2
1. Caste, comedy, 3 acts	5	3
175. Cast upon the World, drama, 5 acts.	11	5
55. Catharine Howard, historical play, 3 acts	12	5
63. Caught by the Cuff, farce, 1 act	4	1
80. Charming Pair, farce, 1 act	4	3
65. Checkmate, comedy, 2 acts	6	5
68. Chevalier de St. George, drama, 3a.	9	3
219. Chimney Corner (The), domestic drama, 3 acts	5	2
76. Chops of the Channel, farce, 1 act..	3	2
85. Circumstances alter Cases, comic operetta, 1 act	1	1
149. Clouds, comedy, 4 acts	8	7
121. Comical Countess, farce, 1 act	3	1

	M.	F.
222. Cool as a Cucumber, farce, 1 act	3	2
248. Cricket on the Hearth, drama, 3 acts	8	6
107. Cupboard Love, farce, 1 act	2	1
152. Cupid's Eye-Glass, comedy, 1 act..	1	1
52. Cup of Tea, comedietta, 1 act	3	1
148. Cut Off with a Shilling, comedietta, 1 act	2	1
113. Cyril's Success, comedy, 5 acts	10	4
20. Daddy Gray, drama, 3 acts	8	4
286. Daisy Farm, drama, 4 acts	10	[illegible]
4. Dandelion's Dodges, farce, 1 act..	4	2
22. David Garrick, comedy, 3 acts	8	3
275. Day After the Wedding, farce, 1 act	4	2
96. Dearest Mamma, comedietta, 1 act..	4	3
16. Dearer than Life, drama, 3 acts	6	5
58. Deborah (Leah), drama, 3 acts	7	6
125. Deerfoot, farce, 1 act	5	1
71. Doing for the Best, drama, 2 acts..	5	3
142. Dollars and Cents, comedy, 3 acts..	9	4
204. Drawing Room Car (A), comedy, 1 act	2	1
21. Dreams, drama, 5 acts	6	3
260. Drunkard's Warning, drama, 3 acts	6	3
240. Drunkard's Doom (The), drama, 2a.	15	5
263. Drunkard (The), drama, 5 acts..	13	5
186. Duchess de la Valliere, play, 5 acts..	6	4
242. Dumb Belle (The), farce, 1 act	4	2
47. Easy Shaving, farce, 1 act	[illegible]	[illegible]
283. E. C. B. Susan Jane, musical burlesque, 1 act	[illegible]	[illegible]
202. Eileen Oge, Irish drama, 4 acts	11	3
315. Electric Love, farce, 1 act	1	1
297. English Gentleman (An), comedy-drama, 4 acts	7	4
200. Estranged, operetta, 1 act	2	1
135. Everybody's Friend, comedy, 3 acts	6	5
230. Family Jars, musical farce, 2 acts..	5	2
103. Faust and Marguerite, drama, 3 acts	9	4
9. Fearful Tragedy in the Seven Dials, interlude, 1 act	4	[illegible]
128. Female Detective, drama, 3 acts	11	4
101. Fernande, drama, 3 acts	11	10
99. Fifth Wheel, comedy, 3 acts	10	3
262. Fifteen Years of a Drunkard's Life, melodrama, 3 acts	13	4
145. First Love, comedy, 1 act	4	[illegible]
102. Foiled, drama, 4 acts	9	[illegible]
88. Founded on Facts, farce, 1 act	4	[illegible]

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.—Continued.

		M.	F.
159.	Fruits of the Wine Cup, drama, 3 cts	6	3
192.	Game of Cards (A), comedietta, 1a..	3	1
74.	Garrick Fever, farce, 1 act.....	7	4
53.	Gertrude's Money Box, farce, 1 act.	4	2
73.	Golden Fetters (Fettered), drama, 3.11	4	
30.	Goose with the Golden Eggs, farce, 1 act.....	5	3
131.	Go to Putney, farce, 1 act.....	4	3
276.	Good for Nothing, comic drama, 1a.	5	1
306.	Great Success (A), comedy, 3 acts..	8	5
277.	Grimshaw, Bagshaw and Bradshaw, farce, 1 act.....	4	2
206.	Heir Apparent (The), farce, 1 act...	5	1
241.	Handy Andy, drama, 2 acts.....10		3
28.	Happy Pair, comedietta, 1 act.....	1	1
151.	Hard Case (A), farce, 1 act.....	2	
8.	Henry Dunbar, drama, 4 acts.....10		3
180.	Henry the Fifth, hist. play, 5 acts..38		5
103.	Her Only Fault, comedietta, 1 act..	2	2
19.	He's a Lunatic, farce, 1 act.....	3	2
60.	Hidden Hand, drama, 4 acts.....	5	5
191.	High C, comedietta, 1 act.....	3	3
146.	High Life Below Stairs, farce, 2 acts.	9	5
301.	Hinko, romantic drama, 6 acts.....12		7
224.	His Last Legs, farce, 2 acts.....	5	3
187.	His Own Enemy, farce, 1 act.....	5	1
174.	Home, comedy, 3 acts..	4	3
211.	Honesty is the Best Policy, play, 1.	2	
64.	Household Fairy, sketch, 1 act.....	1	1
190.	Hunting the Slippers, farce, 1 act..	4	1
197.	Hunchback (The), play, 5 acts.....13		2
225.	Ici on Parle Francais, farce, 1 act...	3	4
252.	Idiot Witness, melodrama, 3 acts...	6	1
18.	If I had a Thousand a Year, farce, 1	4	3
116.	I'm not Mesilf at all, Irish stew, 1a.	3	2
129.	In for a Holiday, farce, 1 act.....	2	3
159.	In the Wrong House, farce, 1 act...	4	2
278.	Irish Attorney (The), farce, 2 acts..	8	2
282.	Irish Broom Maker, farce, 1 act....	9	3
273.	Irishman in London, farce, 1 acts..	6	3
243.	Irish Lion (The), farce, 1 act.....	8	3
271.	Irish Post (The), drama, 1 act.....	9	3
244.	Irish Tutor (The), farce, 1 act	5	2
270.	Irish Tiger (The), farce, 1 act.....	5	1
274.	Irish Widow (The), farce, 2 acts....	7	1
122.	Isabella Orsini, drama, 4 acts.....11		4
177.	I Shall Invite the Major, comedy, 1	4	1
100.	Jack Long, drama, 2 acts	9	2
299.	Joan of Arc, hist. play, 5 acts.....26		6
139.	Joy is Dangerous, comedy, 2 acts..	3	3
17.	Kind to a Fault, comedy, 2 acts....	6	4
233.	Kiss in the Dark (A), farce, 1 act....	2	3
309.	Ladies' Battle (The), comedy, 3 acts	7	2
86.	Lady of Lyons, play, 5 acts.....12		5
137.	L'Article 47, drama, 3 acts.. 11		5
72.	Lame Excuse, farce, 1 act.....	4	2
144.	Lancashire Lass, melodrama, 4 acts.12		3
34.	Larkins' Love Letters, farce, 1 act..3		2
189.	Leap Year, musical duality, 1 act....1		1
253.	Lend Me Five Shillings, farce, 1 act	5	3
111.	Liar (The), comedy, 2 acts.....	7	2
119.	Life Chase, drama, 5 acts.....14		5
239.	Limerick Boy (The), farce, 1 act....	5	2
48.	Little Annie's Birthday, farce, 1 act..2		4
32.	Little Rebel, farce, 1 act.....	4	3
164.	Little Ruby, drama, 3 acts.....	6	6
295.	Little Em'ly, drama, 4 acts	8	8
165.	Living Statue (The), farce, 1 act....	3	2
228.	Loan of a Lover (The), vaudeville, 1.	4	1
109.	Locked in, comedietta, 1 act.....	1	1
85.	Locked in with a Lady, sketch.....	1	1
87.	Locked Out, comic scene.....	1	1
143.	Lodgers and Dodgers, farce, 1 act..	4	2
212.	London Assurance, comedy, 5 acts.10		3
291.	M. P., comedy, 4 acts.....	7	2
210.	Mabel's Manœuvre, interlude, 1 act	1	3
163.	Marcoretti, drama, 3 acts.....10		3
154.	Maria and Magdalena, play, 4 acts..	8	6
63.	Marriage at any Price, farce, 1 act..	5	3
249.	Marriage a Lottery, comedy, 2 acts.	3	4
208.	Married Bachelors, comedietta, 1a..	3	2
39.	Master Jones' Birthday, farce, 1 act	4	2
7	Maud's Peril, drama, 4 acts.....	5	3
49.	Midnight Watch, drama, 1 act.....	8	2
15	Milky White, drama, 2 acts.....	4	2
46	Miriam's Crime, drama, 3 acts.....5		2
51	Model of a Wife, farce, 1 act.....	3	2
302.	Model Pair (A), comedy, 1 act.....	2	2
184.	Money, comedy, 5 acts	17	3
250.	More Blunders than One, farce, 1a.	4	
312.	More Sinned against than Sinning, original Irish drama, 4 acts.....11		
234.	Morning Call (A), comedietta, 1 act.	1	
108.	Mr. Scroggins, farce, 1 act.....	3	
188.	Mr. X., farce, 1 act.....	3	3
169.	My Uncle's Suit, farce, 1 act.....4		1
216.	My Neighbor's Wife, farce, 1 act....3		3
236.	My Turn Next, farce, 1 act.....	4	3
193.	My Walking Photograph, musical duality, 1 act.....	1	1
267.	My Wife's Bonnet, farce, 1 act.....	3	1
130.	My Wife's Diary, farce, 1 act.....	3	
92.	My Wife's Out, farce, 1 act.....	2	
218.	Naval Engagements, farce, 2 acts...	4	
140.	Never Reckon your Chickens, etc., farce, 1 act.....	3	1
115.	New Men and Old Acres, comedy, 3	8	6
2.	Nobody's Child, drama, 3 acts.....18		3
57.	Noemie, drama, 2 acts.....	4	4
104.	No Name, drama, 5 acts.....	7	5
112.	Not a bit Jealous, farce, 1 act	3	3
298.	Not if I Know it, farce, 1 act.....	4	4
185.	Not so bad as we Seem, play, 5 acts.13		3
84.	Not Guilty, drama, 4 acts.. 10		6
117.	Not such a Fool as he Looks, drama, 3 acts.....	5	4
171.	Nothing like Paste, farce, 1 act....	3	1
14.	No Thoroughfare, drama, 5 acts....13		6
300.	Notre Dame, drama, 3 acts.....11		8
269.	Object of Interest (An), farce, 1 act.	4	3
268.	Obstinate Family (The), farce, 1 act.	3	3
173.	Off the Stage, comedietta, 1 act....	3	3
227.	Omnibus (The), farce, 1 act.....	5	4
176.	On Bread and Water, farce, 1 act...	1	2
254.	One Too Many, farce, 1 act.....	4	2
283.	One Too Many for Him, farce, 1 act	2	3
8.	£100,000, comedy, 3 acts.....	8	4
60.	Only a Halfpenny, farce, 1 act.....	2	2
170.	Only Somebody, farce, 1 act.....	4	2
289.	On the Jury, drama, 4 acts.....	5	
97.	Orange Blossoms, comedietta, 1 act	3	
66.	Orange Girl, drama, 4 acts.....18		4
209.	Othello, tragedy, 5 acts.....16		2
172.	Ours, comedy, 3 acts.....	6	
94.	Our Clerks, farce, 1 act	5	
45.	Our Domestics, comedy-farce, 2 acts	6	
155.	Our Heroes, military play, 5 acts. .24		5
178.	Out at Sea, drama, 5 acts.....17		5

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.—Continued.

		M.	F.
147.	Overland Route, comedy, 3 acts	11	5
305.	Pair of Shoes (A), farce, 1 act	4	3
285.	Partners for Life, comedy, 3 acts	7	4
156.	Peace at any Price, farce, 1 act	1	1
82.	Peep o' Day, drama, 4 acts	12	4
127.	Peggy Green, farce, 1 act	3	10
23.	Petticoat Parliament, extravaganza, 1 act	15	24
293.	Philomel, romantic drama, 3 acts	6	4
62.	Photographic Fix, farce, 1 act	3	2
61.	Plot and Passion, drama, 3 acts	7	2
138.	Poll and Partner Joe, burlesqe, 1a	10	3
217.	Poor Pillicoddy, farce, 1 act	2	3
110.	Poppleton's Predicaments, farce, 1a.	3	6
60.	Porter's Knot, drama, 2 acts	8	2
59.	Post Boy, drama. 2 acts	5	3
95.	Pretty Horse-Breaker, farce	3	10
280.	Pretty Piece of Business (A), comedy, 1 act	2	3
181.	182. Queen Mary, drama, 4 acts	37	9
196.	Queerest Courtship (The), comic operetta, 1 act	1	1
255.	Quiet Family, farce, 1 act	4	4
157.	Quite at Home, comedietta, 1 act	5	2
132.	Race for a Dinner, farce, 1 act	10	
237.	Regular Fix (A), farce, 1 act	6	4
183.	Richelieu, play, 5 acts	12	2
38.	Rightful Heir, drama, 5 acts	10	2
77.	Roll of the Drum, drama, 3 acts	8	4
316.	Romeo on the Gridiron (A), monologue, for a lady		1
195.	Rosemi Shell, burlesque, 4 scenes	6	3
247.	Rough Diamond (The), farce, 1 act.	6	3
194.	Rum, drama, 3 acts	7	4
13.	Ruy Blas, drama, 4 acts	12	4
229.	Sarah's Young Man, farce, 1 act	3	3
158.	School, comedy, 4 acts,	6	6
201.	School for Scandal, comedy, 5 acts	13	4
264.	Scrap of Paper (A), comic drama, 3a.	6	6
79.	Sheep in Wolf's Clothing, drama, 1a	7	5
203.	She Stoops to Conquer, comedy, 5a.	15	4
37.	Silent Protector, farce, 1 act,	3	2
35.	Silent Woman, farce, 1 act	2	1
313.	Single Married Man (A), comic operetta, 1 act	6	2
43.	Sisterly Service, comedietta, 1 act.	7	2
6.	Six Months Ago, comedietta, 1 act.	2	1
221.	Slasher and Crasher, farce, 1 act	5	2
10.	Snapping Turtles, duologue, 1 act	1	1
26.	Society, comedy, 3 acts	16	5
207.	Sold Again, comic operetta, 1 act	3	1
304.	Sparking, comedietta, 1 act	1	2
78.	Special Performances, farce, 1 act.	7	3
215.	Still Waters Run Deep, comedy, 3a.	9	2
256.	Sweethearts, dramatic contrast, 2a.	2	2
232.	Tail (Tale) of a Shark, musical monologue, 1 scene		1
31.	Taming a Tiger, farce, 1 act	3	
150.	Tell-Tale Heart, comedietta, 1 act.	1	2
120.	Tempest in a Teapot, comedy, 1 act	2	1
257.	Ten Nights in a Bar Room, drama, 5 acts	8	
146.	There's no Smoke without Fire, comedietta, 1 act	1	2
83.	Thrice Married, personation piece, 1 act.	0	1
245.	Thumping Legacy (A), 1 act	7	1
251.	Ticket of Leave Man, drama, 4 acts.	9	3
42.	Time and the Hour, drama, 3 acts.	7	3
27.	Time and Tide, drama, 4 acts	7	5
133.	Timothy to the Rescue, farce, 1 act	4	2
153.	'Tis Better to Live than to Die, farce, 1 act	2	1
134.	Tompkins the Troubadour, farce. 1.	3	2
272.	Toodles (The), drama, 2 acts	10	2
235.	To Oblige Benson, comedietta, 1 act	3	2
238.	Trying It On, farce, 1 act	3	3
29.	Turning the Tables, farce, 1 act	5	3
214.	Turn Him Out, farce, 1 act	3	2
168.	Tweedie's Rights, comedy, 2 acts	4	2
126.	Twice Killed, farce, 1 act	6	3
234.	'Twixt Axe and Crown, play, 5 acts.	24	13
198.	Twin Sisters, comic operetta. 1 act.	2	2
265.	Two Bonnycastles, farce, 1 act	3	3
220.	Two Buzzards (The), farce, 1 act	3	7
56.	Two Gay Deceivers, face, 1 act	3	
123.	Two Polts, farce, 1 act	4	4
288.	Two Roses (The), comedy, 3 acts	7	4
292.	Two Thorns (The), comedy, 4 acts.	9	4
294.	Uncle Dick's Darling, drama, 3 acts	6	5
162.	Uncle's Will, comedietta, 1 act	2	1
106.	Up for the Cattle Show, farce, 1 act	6	2
81.	Vandyke Brown, farce, 1 act	3	3
317.	Veteran of 1812 (The), romantic military drama, 5 acts	12	2
124.	Volunteer Review, farce, 1 act	6	6
91.	Walpole, comedy in rhyme	7	2
118.	Wanted, a Young Lady, farce, 1 act.	2	1
281.	Wanted, One Thousand Spirited Young Milliners for the Gold Regions, farce, 1 act	3	
44.	War to to the Knife, comedy, 3 acts	5	4
311.	What Tears can do, comedietta, 1a.	3	2
105.	Which of the Two? comedietta, 1a.	2	10
266.	Who Killed Cock Robin? farce, 2a.	2	2
98.	Who is Who? farce.	3	2
12.	Widow Hunt, comedy, 3 acts	4	4
213.	Widow (The), comedy, 3 acts.	7	6
5.	William Tell with a Vengeance, burlesque	8	
314.	Window Curtain, monologue		
	Circumstantial Evidence "	1	
136.	Woman in Red, drama, 4 acts	6	8
161.	Woman's Vows and Masons' Oaths, drama, 4 acts	10	4
11.	Woodcock's Little Game, farce, 2a.	4	4
290.	Wrong Man in the Right Place (A), farce, 1 act	2	3
54.	Young Collegian, farce, 1 act	3	2

A COMPLETE DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE OF DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS AND DE WITT'S ETHIOPIAN AND COMIC DRAMAS, containing Plot, Costume, Scenery, Time of Representation, and all other information, mailed free and post paid on application. Address

DE WITT, 33 Rose Street, New York.

DE WITT'S DRAWING-ROOM OPERETTAS.

☞ TO MUSICAL AMATEURS. ☜

The number of *Musical Amateurs*, both ladies and gentlemen, is not only *very large*, but is *constantly increasing*, and very naturally, for there is no more *refined* and *pleasant* mode of spending *leisure hours* than in *singing* and *playing* the choice productions of the best Composers. Hitherto there has been an *almost total lack of suitable pieces* adapted to *an evening's entertainment* in Parlors by Amateurs. Of course whole Operas, or even parts of Operas, require orchestral accompaniments and full choruses to give them effect, and are therefore clearly unfit for Amateur performance, while a succession of songs lacks the interest given by a plot and a contrast of characters. In this series (*a list of which is given below*) we have *endeavored to supply this want. The best Music of popular Composers* is wedded to appropriate words, and the whole dovetailed into plots that are effective as mere *petite* plays, but are rendered doubly interesting by the *appropriate and beautiful Music, specially arranged for them.*

LIST OF DE WITT'S MUSICAL PLAYS.

PRICE 15 CENTS EACH.

LEAP YEAR.—A Musical Duality. By ALFRED B. SEDGWICK. Music selected and adapted from OFFENBACH's celebrated Opera, "*Genevieve de Brabant.*" One Male, one Female Character.

THE TWIN SISTERS.—Comic Operetta, in One Act. The Music selected from the most popular numbers in LE COCQ's celebrated Opera Bouffe, "*Girofle Girofla*," and the Libretto written by ALFRED B. SEDGWICK. Two Male, Two Female Characters.

OLD AGAIN AND GOT THE MONEY.—Comic Operetta, in One Act. The Music composed and the Libretto written by ALFRED B. SEDGWICK. Three Male, One Female Character.

THE QUEEREST COURTSHIP.—Comic Operetta, in One Act. The Music arranged from OFFENBACH's celebrated Opera, "*La Princesse de Trebizonde*," and the Libretto written by ALFRED B. SEDGWICK. One Male, One Female Character.

ESTRANGED.—An Operetta, in One Act, The Music arranged from VERDI's celebrated Opera, "*Il Trovatore*," and the Libretto adapted by ALFRED B. SEDGWICK. Two Male, One Female Character.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.—Comic Operetta, in One Act. The music composed and the Libretto written by ALFRED B. SEDGWICK. One Male, One Female Character.

MY WALKING PHOTOGRAPH.—Musical Duality, in One Act. The Music arranged from LE COCQ's Opera, "*La Fille de Madame Angot*," and the Libretto written by ALFRED B. SEDGWICK. One Male, One Female Character.

A SINGLE MARRIED MAN.—Comic Operetta, in One Act. The Music arranged from OFFENBACH'S celebrated Opera Bouffe, "*Madame l'Archiduc*," and the Libretto written by ALFRED B. SEDGWICK. Six Male, Two Female Characters.

MOLLY MORIARTY.—An Irish Musical Sketch, in One Act. The Music composed and the Dialogue written by ALFRED B. SEDGWICK. One Male, one Female Character. Suitable for the *Variety* Stage.

THE CHARGE OF THE HASH BRIGADE.—A Comic Irish Musical Sketch. The Music composed and the Libretto written by JOSEPH P. SKELLY. Two Male, two Female Characters. Suitable for the *Variety* Stage.

GAMBRINUS, KING OF LAGER BEER.—A Musical Ethiopian Burlesque, in One Act. Music and Dialogue by FRANK DUMONT. Eight Male, one Female Character. Suitable for the *Ethiopian* Stage.

AFRICANUS BLUEBEARD.—A Musical Ethiopian Burlesque, in One Act. Music and Dialogue by FRANK DUMONT. Four Male, four Female Characters. Suitable for the *Ethiopian* Stage.

DE WITT'S ETHIOPIAN AND COMIC DRAMA.—Continued.

	M.	F.
33. Jealous Husband, sketch	2	1
94. Julius the Snoozer, burlesque, 3 sc.	6	1
103. Katrina's Little Game, Dutch act, 1 scene	1	1
1. Last of the Mohicans, sketch	3	1
36. Laughing Gas, sketch, 1 scene	6	1
18. Live Injun, sketch, 4 scenes	4	1
60. Lost Will, sketch	4	
37. Lucky Job, farce, 2 scenes	3	2
90. Lunatic (The), farce, 1 scene	3	
109. Making a Hit, farce, 2 scenes	4	
19. Malicious Trespass, sketch, 1 scene.	3	
149. 'Meriky, Ethiopian farce, 1 scene	3	1
151. Micky Free, Irish sketch, 1 scene	5	
96. Midnight Intruder, farce, 1 scene	6	1
147. Milliner's Shop (The), Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene	2	2
129. Moko Marionettes, Ethiopian eccentricity, 2 scenes	4	5
101. Molly Moriarty, Irish musical sketch, 1 scene	1	1
117. Motor Bellows, comedy, 1 act	4	
44. Musical Servant, sketch, 1 scene	3	
8. Mutton Trial, sketch, 2 scenes	4	
119. My Wife's Visitors, comic drama, 1 sc.	6	1
49. Night in a Strange Hotel, sketch, 1 sc.	2	
132. Noble Savage, Ethi'n sketch, 1 sc.	4	
145. No Pay No Cure, Ethi'n sketch, 1 sc.	5	
22. Obeying Orders, sketch, 1 scene	2	1
27. 100th Night of Hamlet, sketch	7	1
125. Oh, Hush! operatic olio	4	1
30. One Night in a Bar Room, sketch	7	
114. One Night in a Medical College, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene	7	1
76. One, Two, Three, sketch, 1 scene	7	
91. Painter's Apprentice, farce, 1 scene.	5	
87. Pete and the Peddler, Negro and Irish sketch, 1 scene	2	1
135. Pleasant Companions, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene	5	1
92. Polar Bear (The), farce, 1 scene	4	1
9. Policy Players, sketch, 1 scene	7	
57. Pompey's Patients, interlude, 2 sc.	6	
65. Porter's Troubles, sketch, 1 scene.	6	1
66. Port Wine vs. Jealousy, sketch	2	1
115. Private Boarding, comedy, 1 scene.	2	3
14. Recruiting Office, sketch, 1 act	5	
105. Rehearsal (The), Irish farce, 2 sc.	3	1
45. Remittance from Home, sketch, 1 sc.	6	
55. Rigging a Purchase, sketch, 1 sc.	3	
81. Rival Artists, sketch, 1 scene	4	
26. Rival Tenants, sketch	4	
138. Rival Barbers' Shops (The), Ethiopian farce, 1 scene	6	1
15. Sam's Courtship, farce, 1 act	2	1
59. Sausage Makers, sketch, 2 scenes	5	1
21. Scampini, pantomime, 2 scenes	3	3
80. Scenes on the Mississippi, sketch, 2 scenes	6	
84. Serenade (The), sketch, 2 scenes	7	
38. Siamese Twins, sketch, 2 scenes	5	
74. Sleep Walker, sketch, 2 scenes	3	
46. Slippery Day, sketch, 1 scene	6	1
69. Squire for a Day, sketch	5	1
56. Stage-struck Couple, interlude, 1 sc.	2	1
72. Stranger, burlesque, 1 scene	1	2
13. Streets of New York, sketch, 1 sc.	6	
16. Storming the Fort, sketch, 1 scene.	5	
7. Stupid Servant, sketch, 1 scene	2	
121. Stocks Up! Stocks Down! Negro duologue, 1 scene	2	
47. Take It, Don't Take It, sketch, 1 sc.	2	
54. Them Papers, sketch, 1 scene	3	
100. Three Chiefs (The), sketch, 1 scene.	6	
102. Three A. M., sketch, 2 scenes	3	1
34. Three Strings to one Bow, sketch, 1 scene	4	1
122. Ticket Taker, Ethi'n farce, 1 scene.	3	
2. Tricks, sketch	5	2
104. Two Awfuls (The), sketch, 1 scene.	5	
5. Two Black Roses, sketch	4	1
28. Uncle Eph's Dream, sketch, 2 sc.	3	1
134. Unlimited Cheek, sketch, 1 scene	4	1
62. Vinegar Bitters, sketch, 1 scene	6	1
32. Wake up, William Henry, sketch	3	
39. Wanted, a Nurse, sketch, 1 scene.	4	
75. Weston, the Walkist, Dutch sketch, 1 scene	7	1
93. What shall I Take? sketch, 1 scene.	7	1
29. Who Died First? sketch, 1 scene	3	1
97. Who's the Actor? farce, 1 scene	4	
137. Whose Baby is it? Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene	2	1
143. Wonderful Telephone (The), Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene	4	1
99. Wrong Woman in the Right Place, sketch, 2 scenes	2	2
85. Young Scamp, sketch, 1 scene	3	
116. Zacharias' Funeral, farce, 1 scene	5	

A COMPLETE DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE OF DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS AND DE WITT'S ETHIOPIAN AND COMIC DRAMAS, containing Plot, Costume, Scenery, Time of Representation, and all other information, mailed free and post paid on application. Address

DE WITT, Publisher,

33 Rose Street, New York.

An Indispensable Book for Amateurs.

HOW TO MANAGE

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

Being plain instructions for construction and arrangement of Stage, making Scenery, getting up Costumes, "*Making Up*" to represent different ages and characters, and how to produce stage Illusions and Effects. Also hints for the management of Amateur Dramatic Clubs, and a list of pieces suitable for Drawing Room Performances. Handsomely illustrated with Colored Plates.

Price, 25 Cents.

DE WITT'S SELECTIONS

FOR

AMATEUR AND PARLOR THEATRICALS.

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 & 5.

Being choice selections from the very best Dramas, Comedies and Farces. Specially adapted for presentation by Amateurs, and for Parlor and Drawing Room Entertainments.

Each number, 25 Cents.

PANTOMIME PLAY,

"HUMPTY DUMPTY."

The celebrated Pantomime, as originally played for 1,000 nights by the late GEORGE L. FOX. Arranged by John Denier. Esq. Eight male, four female characters.

Price, 25 Cents.